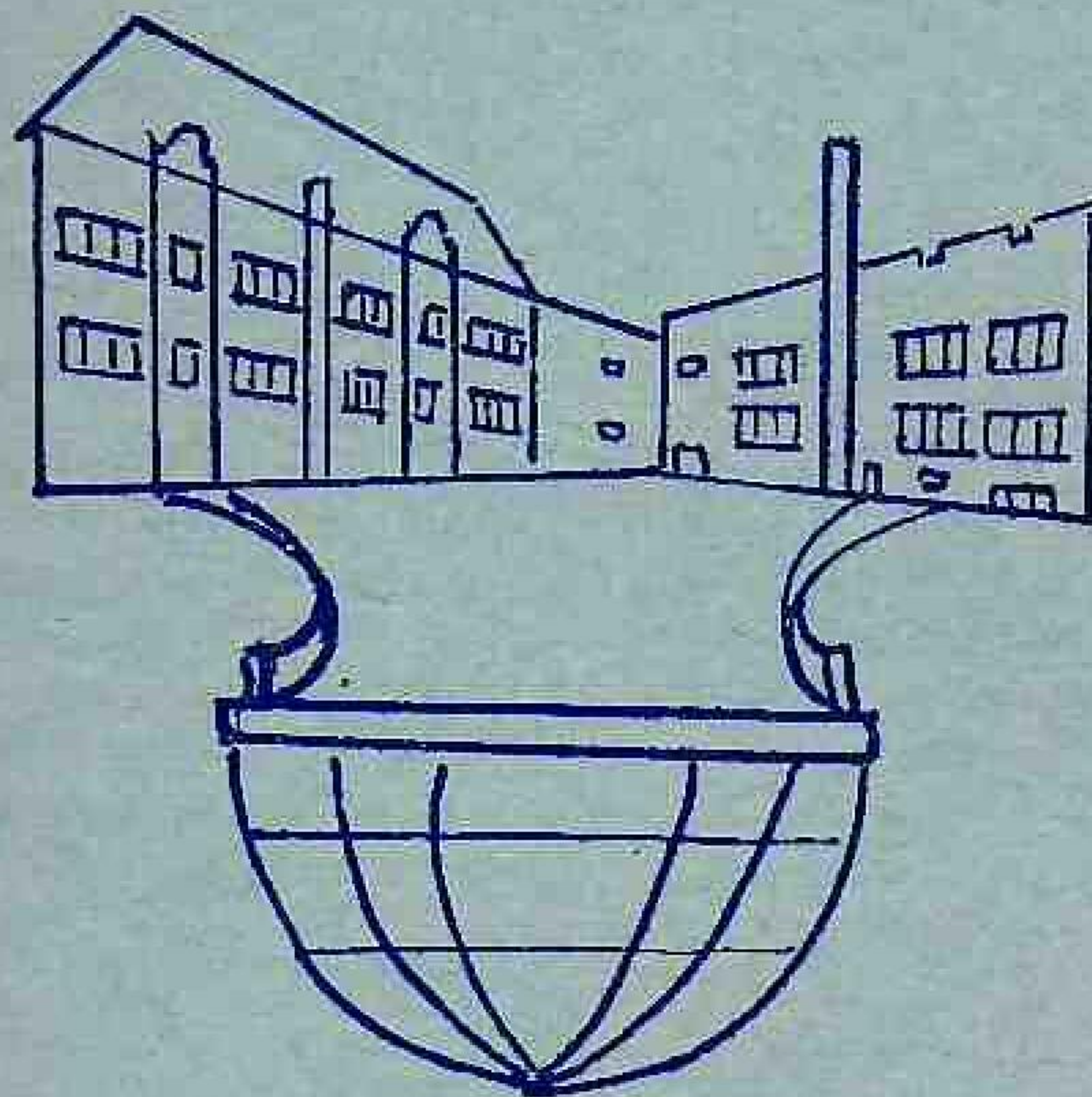


CONNING TOWER

EASTER-1927



WESTON HIGH AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

WESTON-ONT.

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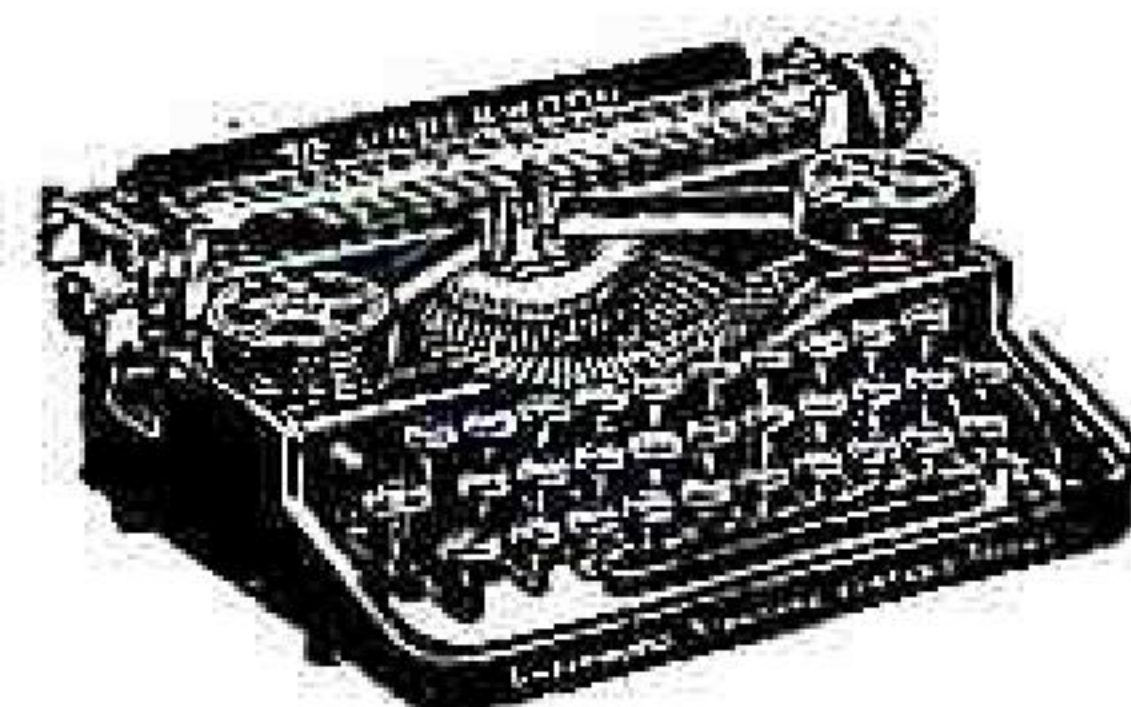
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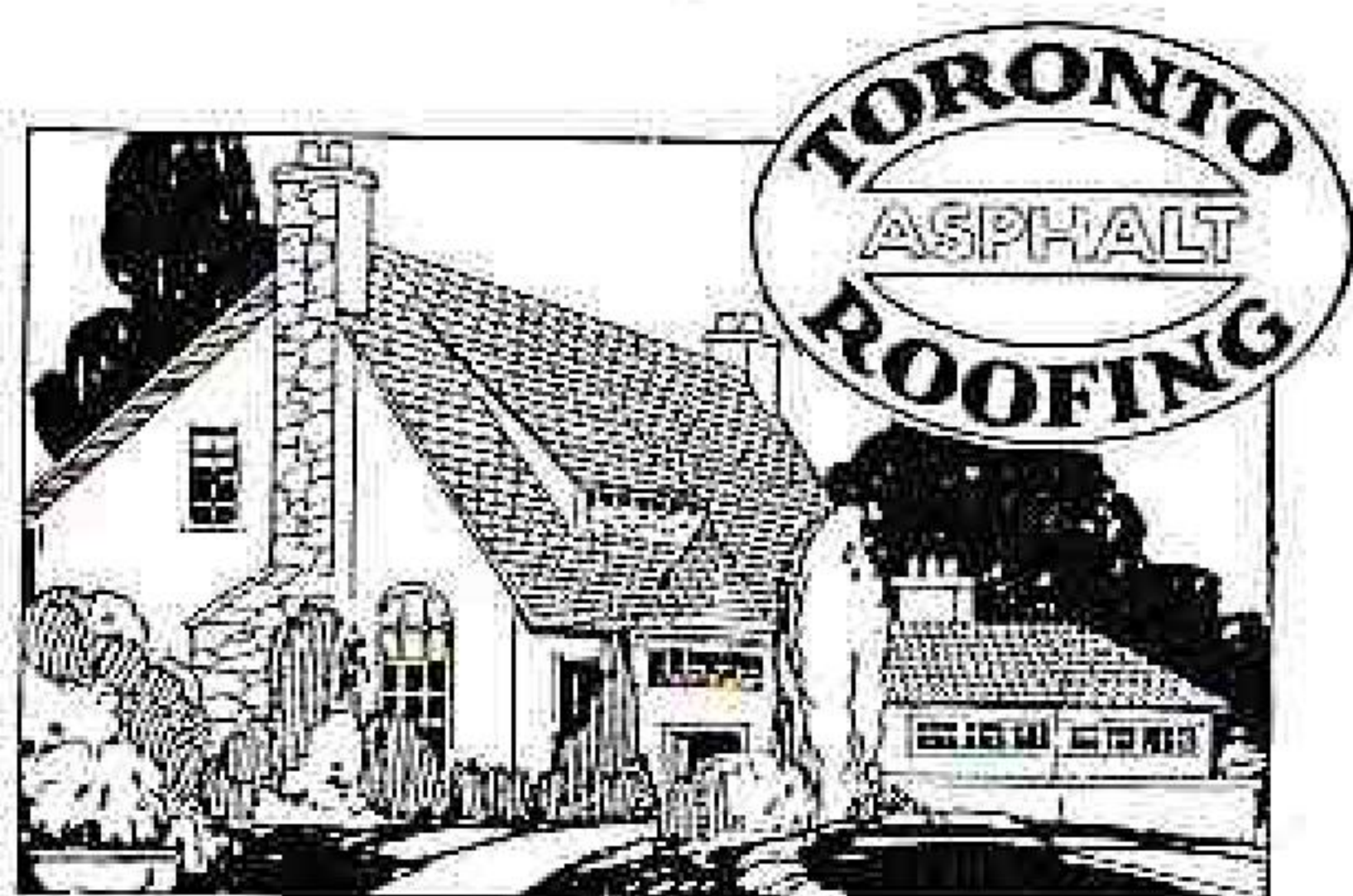


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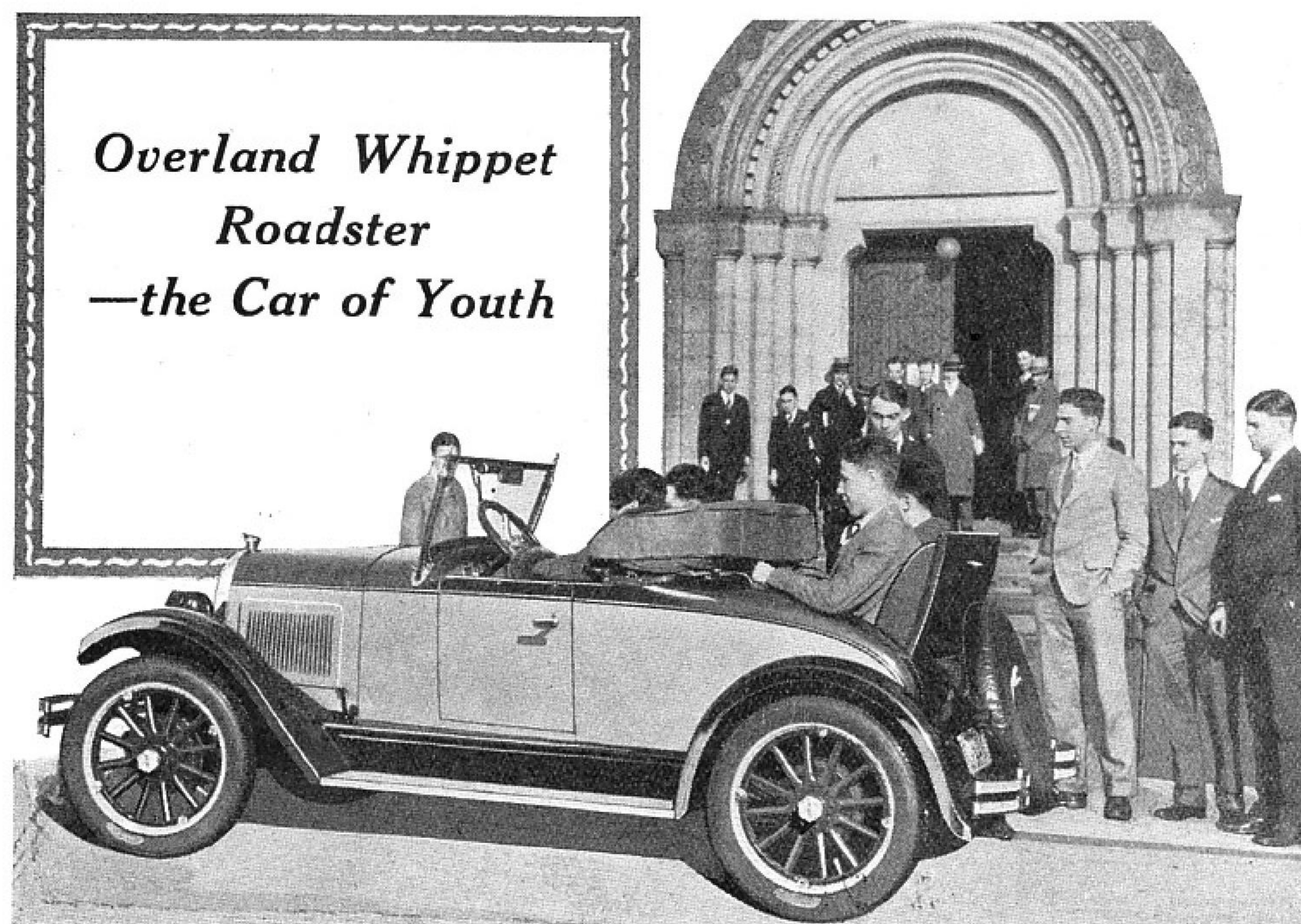
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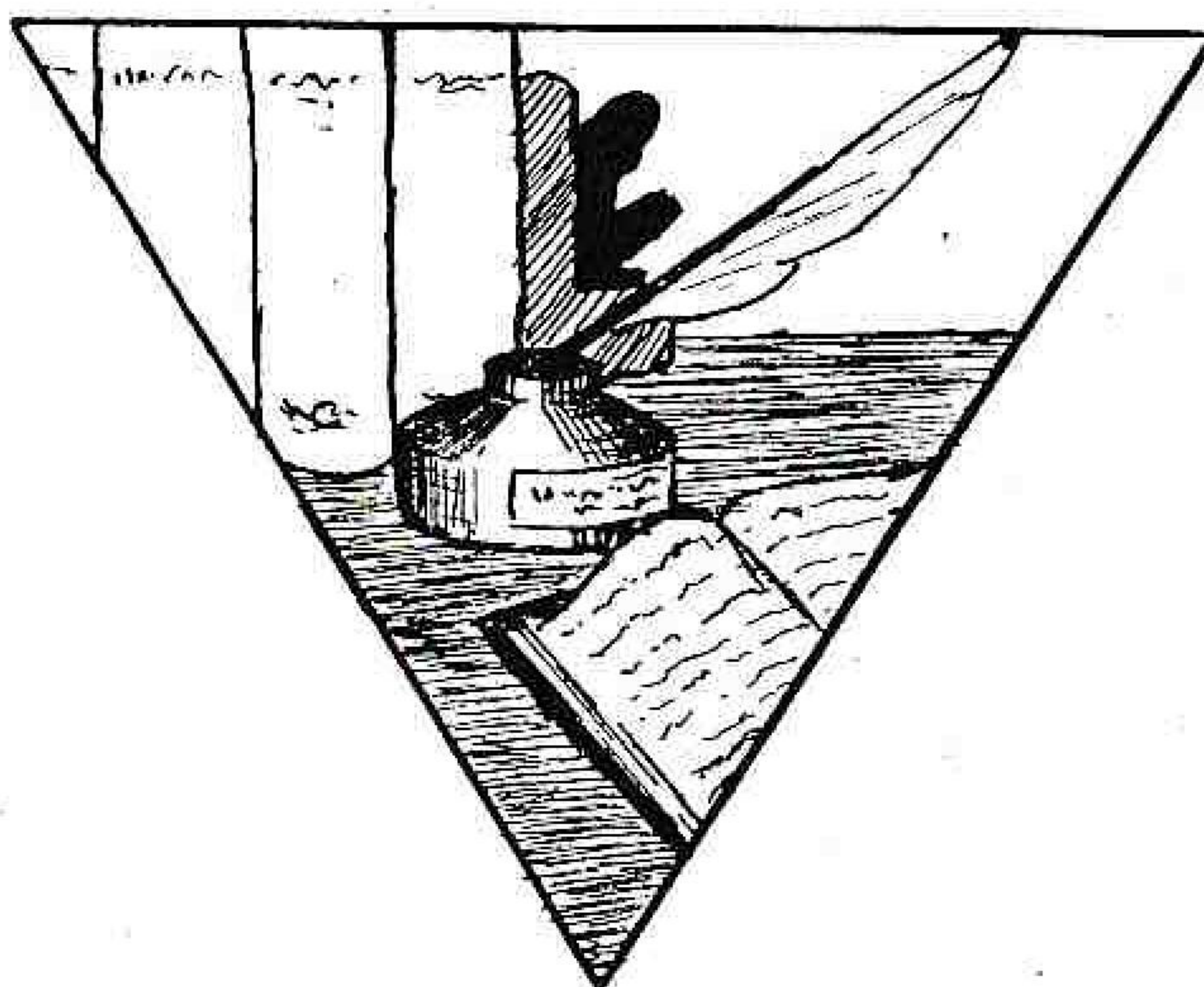
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We wish to express our gratitude to all who have helped us with our Magazine, especially to our former teacher, Major K. B. Conn, in connection with the publication.



A. PEARSON, PRINCIPAL

FOREWORD

The publication of "The Conning Tower" marks the culmination and crown of the most successful year of Student Activities in the history of the new High and Vocational School at Weston. It is a year of marked success in Athletics. For the third year we have won the cup emblematic of the Rugby championship of this school district. In Hockey our Juvenile team was defeated in the third game of the Toronto Hockey League finals—the best showing our school team has ever made in this League. In the new Basket Ball series we have made a promising beginning. Our Literary Societies have had very good meetings. From our entertainments we have realized larger returns than ever before. Owing very largely to the loyal support of the student body a Cafeteria has been opened to look after the four hundred and more students who remain in the school daily for lunch. In providing steel lockers for the Boys' Dressing Room and in the installing of the Cafeteria the pupils and staff have contributed over \$700.00 to the work of the school.

We believe that the publication of this school magazine will be one of the most helpful and beneficial of all the year's activities. Many of our ex-students will be delighted to have it, not only for its intrinsic value, but as a pleasing souvenir and memento of pleasant days spent in the old Alma Mater. And we are sure that the present student body will treasure it as a token and reminder of this very pleasant and profitable year of school life.

To those who are leaving us this year through graduation and from other causes, we extend our very best wishes for their future success and progress. They will forget much of what they have been taught, but we hope that they may look back to the years spent in the school as the time when they laid valuable foundations upon which to build for the future. We could wish that they might have learned here the value of hard work, that they might appreciate to a high degree the importance of what Carlyle calls "the infinite capacity for taking pains." We hope also that while here they have trained the habit of concentrating the attention, that they have developed a spirit of resourcefulness and initiative, that they have cultivated the love of reading and a wholesome appetite for good literature. It would be gratifying to feel that their lives have been enriched by a spirit of British fair play, of honour and sincerity. Above all we hope that we are sending out into the stream of the world's throbbing activities, a group of young men and women who have that highest of all moral virtues, the ability to see visions. We hope that they will be men and women who amid all the humdrum of the daily task will be actuated by high ideals and visions of a greater and nobler Canada and a better world. We can only desire that one and all they will do "their bit" to quicken the pace of humanity along that pilgrim path "which mounting above the hills and beyond the horizon winds on and on toward the—Ideal."

A. PEARSON.

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EDITORIALS

It is mushroom-like this startling growth of our school in latter years. Our numbers have augmented so alarmingly that we have just caught our breath from the rush. Perhaps it is use of our energy in the very act of growing that has kept us from other fields. But now we must be full grown for we are sending forth shoots, new ventures in all directions.

Our Orchestra has sprung from piping infancy to a flourishing institution bound to wax bigger and better in its future life.

Basketball since the advent of the big gym. has become a live sport heartily, if vocally, enjoyed by the whole school.

Even our old honoured sports, rugby and hockey in the last few years have taken a sudden spurt, which has carried us through to a championship and a near championship.

And the cafeteria is already a healthy offspring of our school life. It is especially appreciated by the pupils in their pride of ownership and an inner satisfaction of a different kind.

And now our magazine is budding, the first of its kind for many years. It is a tentative shoot at first. But as it ages we hope it will increase in favour.

Everyone seems interested in it, from the smallest first-former, generous with contributions, to the old boys, whose advice and help has been much appreciated.

* * * *

A certain young lady approached me sternly the other day and fixing her piercing eye upon me, made the following startling announcement:

"You must have your Editorial in by Thursday morning," were her words! Imagine my surprise!

"Editorial!" I gasped, "Thursday morning!" I shouted, "Why, my dear girl, I—I've never written an Editorial in my life! Written one, I've never read one! Why I don't know what an Editorial looks like!"

"What of that?" she asked, her voice shaking with suppressed emotion. "Do you think that that makes any difference? Nobody ever reads Editorials. They are not supposed to be read!"

"Then, what is the use of writing them?" I asked meekly. "I already felt humble in the face of this superior intelligence. Who was

I to question this ancient custom of Editorials? But it did occur to me that the space might be used to more advantage if say, a set of French or Latin sentences were printed on it. However, I said nothing of these secret thoughts, and bowed my head to the storm which followed my outburst. I am a stoic if nothing else! "Read them, indeed!" she finished indignantly, "I should think *anyone* would know better than that!"

And that is how it happened that I sat down firmly resolved to write something light and frivolous on the famous words of the Carpenter, or was it the Walrus? At any rate, it goes like this: "The world is so full of a number of things, that I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings." That didn't suggest much to me except the excuse given me by so many advertisers whom I approached on the matter of advertising. From their point of view it was full of school magazines! I tried to think of the rest of the verse, but all that came to me was, "We've string beans and onions and cabbage they say, so what if we have no bananas to-day."

I gave up in disgust, but fearing the wrath to come. I struggled with myself and began again. This time I chose that poem in "Through the looking glass" which goes, "Beware the Jabberwock, my son!" I think Jabberwock is such an interesting name, don't you? But by the time I had looked up the spelling of it, it was Thursday morning! and alas! I had no Editorial written! What was I to do? Fear of the moment of reckoning roused me from the stupor into which I had fallen and I found that I had been scribbling on a scrap of foolscap (how appropriate) as I sat staring dismally at the meaningless words, something whispered in my ear, "Why not hand that in? No one will know the difference, because to read an Editorial is—well it simply isn't done!"

* * * *

Because everyone is talking about something, I would like to call the attention of the chance reader to nothing.

Nothing occupies such a position in everyday life that it can no longer be ignored with justice.

A boy tells his teacher in reply to an angry query, "I ain't done nothin'."

Why doesn't he say, "I have done something"?

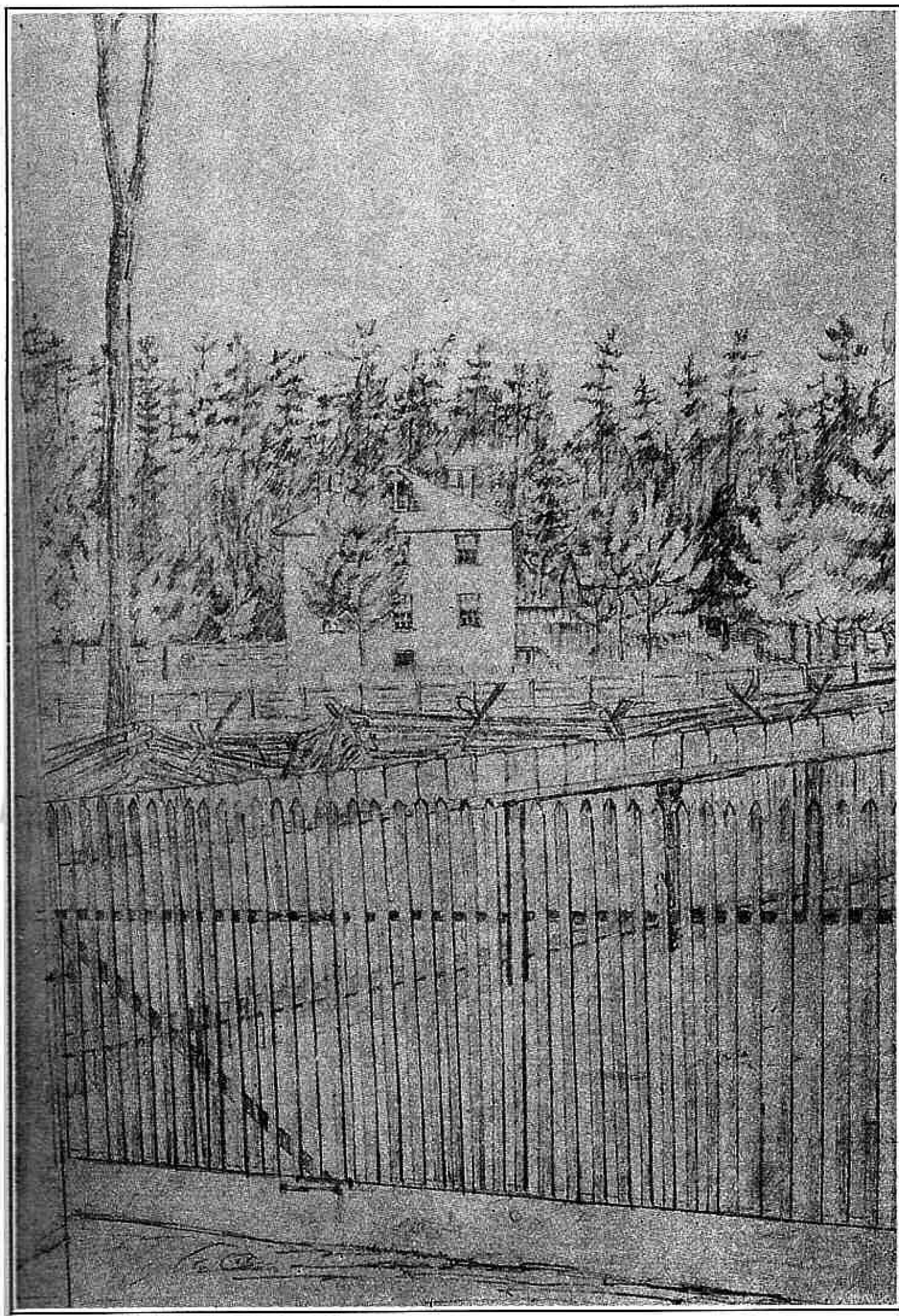
It seems to amount to the same. But appearances are, as always, deceiving. In the second statement he would be saying the opposite of what he means. The first statement expresses his thought with such finality, tinged with a consequence, or at least, he hopes it will.

There is the case of the after-dinner speaker. He makes a speech in which he doesn't mean what he says, and doesn't say what he means. His listeners forget what he is saying and don't care. In other words, his speech amounts to—nothing.

In frequency of occurrence, nothing rivals any other mark on an examination paper, especially in Geometry.

Before a man is born, he is nothing; in his younger days he is considered less than nothing; when he marries, he rates as zero; and only at his funeral is he of any importance.

Such examples cannot fail to impress the importance of nothing upon anyone who wishes to become something. Ergo, I will say nothing further upon the subject.



OLD TRINITY COLLEGE, WESTON

—By Special Permission of the Oxford Press.

Clipping From
Toronto "Globe"
July 19-1926

Sturdy Pilgrims of Open Road Return With Thrilling Tales

Fifteen Model School Boys
Bicycle to Detroit on Twelve-
Day Trip, and Tell of
Memorable Visits With Jack
Miner and Ty Cobb

TECUMSEH'S GRAVE
OBJECT OF SEARCH

Sights in Detroit.

Detroit proved a city of a thou-
sand-and-one pleasures, with a visit
to the Ford plant at Highland Park
providing tense interest, as
cyclists watched the operation
assembling an automobile
minutes. It was on the boys'
journey that the boys
at Merlin one of the most
fishing plants in Canada
Crew Brothers, hosts of
explained the process
their own nets on the
of its kind in America.
The following mornin-
guests, with the excep-
a tour of the net
Provincial Park,
the lads
pride.



Rode 500 miles in 12 days!

Last Summer, fifteen Toronto "Model School" boys started from Toronto and rode around the head of Lake Ontario to Niagara Falls, then through the Lake Erie Counties to Jack Miner's famous bird sanctuary, where they were shown around the farm by Jack himself; then, on to Windsor and across to Detroit. As guests of Ty. Cobb and the Detroit Baseball Club, they saw the Tigers play in a big league ball game. And they were also shown through Henry Ford's automobile plant.

It was a whale of a trip for fifteen boys and they came home on their wheels stronger, healthier and better in every way than when they left.

Ask your Dad to get you a C. C. M. and let you get into this game. It's an education to take trips like that. Bicycle riding develops your muscles and all the vital parts of the body. The fresh air fills you with "pep".

RIDE A C. C. M. ON SUCH A TRIP

The first essential is a good bicycle. Get a C. C. M. Ask any of the fellows. It's the wheel that "stands up" to the heavy going. It's the wheel that gets ahead. On the good roads, you hardly feel the pedals. It has the Triplex Hanger, which seems to be a regular little power plant of itself.

C.C.M. Bicycles

COLUMBIA—RED BIRD—MASSEY
PERFECT—CLEVELAND



SIR WILLIAM OSLER

BY BETTY BURTON

The life of Sir William Osler, the leading English-speaking physician of the last half-century, is interesting to any Canadian, but ought to be particularly so to any Westonian, since he spent two or three of the most critical years of his life at school here. Here it was that he first became interested in studies which were to lead him into the field of medicine.

William Osler was born on the twelfth of July, 1849, in the parsonage at Bond Head, Tecumseh County, on the outskirts of what was then the wilderness of Upper Canada. His father, after becoming a clergyman of the Established Church in England, had been sent to Upper Canada as a missionary. He was accompanied by his bride. They had to endure many hardships in the new country, and William Osler's early days were not passed in any luxurious surroundings. In 1857 the family moved to Dundas.

William went to school here for a short time, but because of his love of elaborate practical jokes, such as locking a flock of geese in the school-house, he was expelled by the authorities. Accordingly he was sent to school at Barrie, where he easily stood head, but was as fond of mischief as ever. He and two others came to be known as Barrie's Bad Boys. However, the reputation of the school was on the wane, and his mother, attracted by a circular advertising Trinity College School, Weston, decided to send him there.

The Rev. W. A. Johnson, the Founder and Warden of the school, was born in 1816, in Bombay, India. His father had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, after whom Johnson was given the name Arthur. After migrating to Upper Canada, he became a clergyman, and was made rector of St. Philip's, Etobicoke, across the river from Weston. Religiously, he had very decided ritualistic tendencies, but his interests extended beyond his church life. He could sketch well and was deeply interested in natural history. It was largely due to his efforts that the school had been founded, in 1864, to prepare boys for Trinity University. Osler entered it two years later.

Although his mother had been attracted by the announcement that the senior boys would be taught music and art, Osler soon found

that other features of the school interested him more than these, for he was not naturally musical or artistic. What he really found was a master who could interest boys in biology. From time to time the Warden would take the boys out for field days, on which occasions they collected specimens of all kinds. Osler was the most enthusiastic of all, and to him was entrusted the delicate task of preparing the specimens for microscopic slides. He soon became a great friend of the Warden and of the school physician, Dr. James Bovell, who had given Johnson some of his most valuable specimens. The three made excursions all about the Humber Valley, which abounds in plants, insects, fossils and thousands of things that interest scientists. The love of learning which Johnson and Bovell gave to Osler, he passed on to many struggling students whom he taught in later life. After he had left the school, and was attending Trinity University, and later McGill in Montreal, he continued to correspond with Johnson, and sent him interesting specimens whenever he could procure them.

Shortly after the death of Dr. Bovell, in 1880, the rector, who was called by his parishioners Father Johnson, died of a deadly form of smallpox, which he caught while tending some victims of the disease, whom no one else dared to approach. He is buried in the churchyard of St. Philip's, Weston. Although he was the centre of considerable local religious strife, his whole life was permeated by such kindness and charity as will make him long remembered.

Osler went to Trinity University in 1867, on a scholarship that he had well earned at Weston. At first he intended to enter the Church, but he soon abandoned this for medicine, doubtless influenced by his introduction to zoology at Trinity College School. In 1874 he was appointed Professor of Medicine at McGill University, but ten years later he left his native land forever to become a Professor in the University of Philadelphia. His many years of faithful service at McGill, at Philadelphia, and at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, earned him a place among the world's greatest physicians, and in 1905, at the special request of the King, he accepted the appointment as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. In spite of spending so many years of his very active life in the United States, he never forgot that he was a Britisher, nor did his British confreres cease to claim him as one of their own. In 1911 he was created a baronet of the United Kingdom, but his last years were saddened by the loss of his only son in the Great War, and he died in 1919.

Not only was Osler a great doctor, but he was also a man noted for his kindness. This quality can scarcely be shown better than by quoting the closing words in his farewell message to the medical profession of America:

"I would give to each of you, my brothers—to you who hear me now, and to you who may elsewhere read my words, to you who do our greatest work labouring incessantly for small rewards in towns and country places, to you the more favoured ones who have special fields of work, to you teachers and professors and scientific workers, to one and all through the length and breadth of the land, I give you a single word as my parting commandment. It is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven that thou should'st say, 'Who shall go up for us to heaven and bring it unto us, that we

may hear it and do it?' Neither is it beyond the sea that thou should'st say, 'Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it?' But the word is very nigh unto thee in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it—charity."

The writer is indebted to Miss Lyons for information concerning the Rev. Mr. Johnson. Miss Lyons, who is still a resident of Weston, and lives on William Street, opposite the school, was his organist for many years, and has in her possession several sketches by "Father" Johnson himself, including one of the original St. Philip's Church, Etobicoke.

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS IN MOUNT DENNIS

In 1883, the part of York Township bounded on the north by Welsh's side road, on the south and east by Black Creek, and on the west by the Humber, namely, Weston District No. 21, became incorporated as a village. At the request of the School Board the County Council changed the boundaries in 1890. From the north end they cut off a mile and a quarter, and from St. John's Road to Black Creek from the south.

Early in 1891 some of the children from the south were sent home because the school could not accommodate them. A meeting of the Public School supporters was called to look into the matter, and a committee consisting of Mr. Joseph Brown, Mr. Robert Somerville, and Mr. James Dennis, was appointed to establish a new school.

It was found that this committee could not be a legal school board until the end of the year. But acting as a provisional board, their first problem was to raise funds in order to rent a room and pay a teacher.

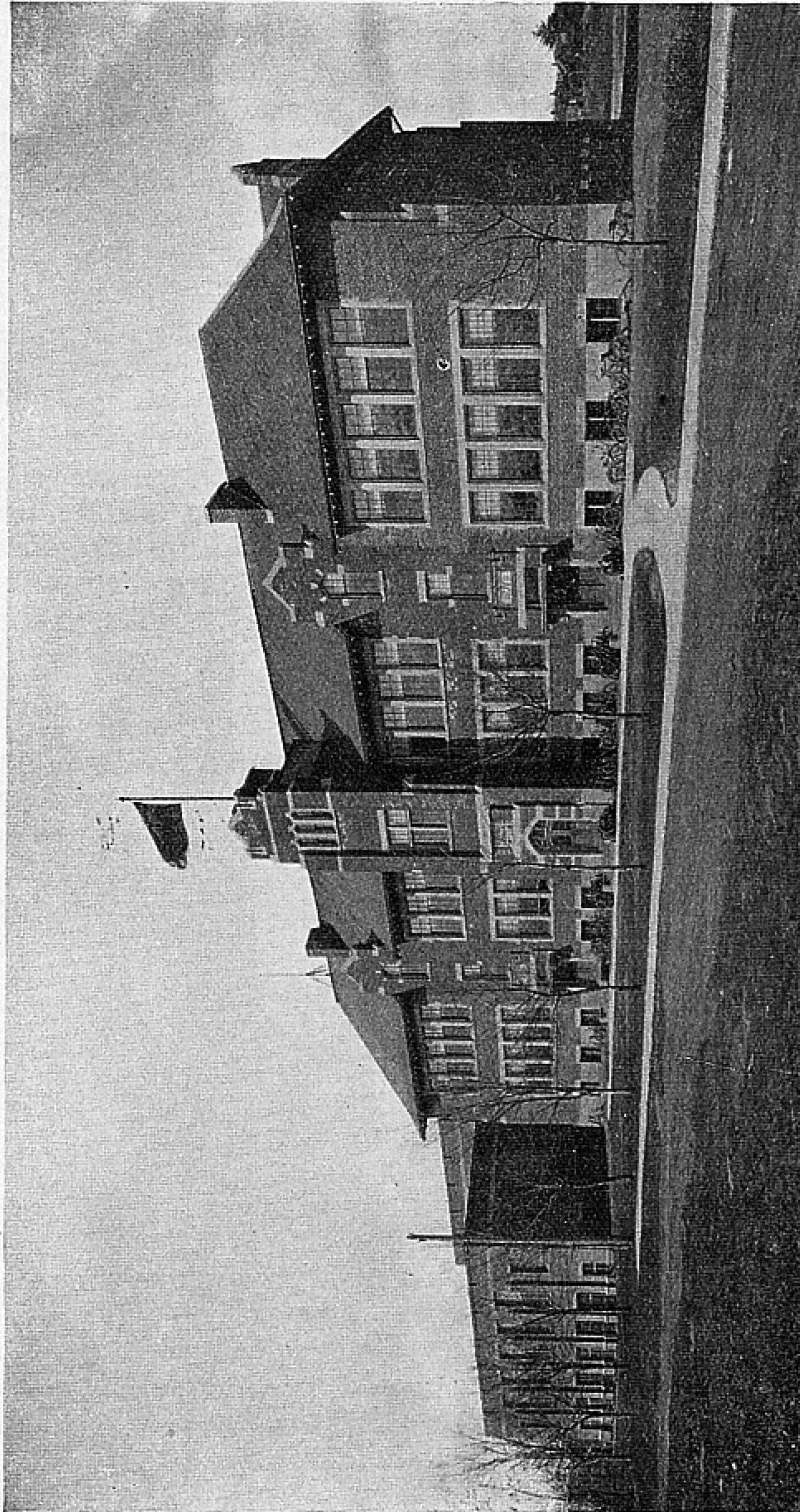
This the dauntless school board did, by insuring their lives for one thousand dollars each, in favour of the insurance company, which advanced them the money as they required it. The school was begun in the middle of May, 1891.

In December, 1891, a meeting was held to inaugurate a Public School Board. Mr. James Dennis was elected for three years, Mr. Joseph Brown for two years, and Mr. Robert Somerville for one year. The new board was instructed to build a two-roomed school as soon as possible. The ratepayers selected the present site on Dennis Avenue and the school was duly built. One room was equipped fully for school purposes, and the other was for a long time used for religious purposes.

This is the manner in which school days began in Mount Dennis.

Soon real estate began to boom and Mount Dennis became a flourishing suburb. Again it was found necessary to make the school district smaller; accordingly that part lying east of the C.P.R. tracks was cut off.

All this happened thirty-five years ago. The Mount Dennis we know has four schools. The original one, on Dennis Avenue now has sixteen teachers and five hundred and seventeen pupils. Bala Avenue School, with thirteen teachers, and four hundred and ninety-four pupils. Roselands School, with nine teachers and three hundred and fifty-three pupils, and Harwood School, whose four teachers and one hundred and fifty-four scholars, make a total of forty-two teachers and one thousand five hundred and eighteen pupils.



"THE SCHOOL"

Weston School in the days just after the fire, when school, books and everything were burnt, was like a wandering child, a child that seems to us a little odd, for the numbers were so few and there was no familiar chemistry lab. or smelly physics lab., and the long stretches of corridors, so useful for small Marathons, were unknown in those days. They travelled from the basement of the Methodist Church to the building that was the old Trinity School and back to the new school that is to us the old school on King Street. Mr. Wallace, the beloved, was the principal then and many are the tales that his pupils tell of this dear old master. He had but recently come from a boys' school, and teaching girls was beyond his ken. In despair he would say, "O you'll bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave", and "You'll break my heart, ye girls".

The school was all in one room then, and backless benches (could they have been worse than collapsing chairs?) were formed in little quadrangles for the classes. There were only two teachers, Mr. Wallace and Miss Lalor, whose memory has been treasured and honoured by all her pupils. Miss Lalor was a clever poetess and caught the quirks and fancies of everyone in the school, from Mr. Wallace to the school's bad boy, in a delightful jingle. Much of these poems has been lost, but scraps remain which give us the spirit of her rhyme. It is called, "After four, remain to-night", for that was Mr. Wallace's pet phrase for misdoers.

Mr. Wallace presides over Weston Grammar School,
And with action firm but gentle governs with an iron rule.
Girls of every mood and temper, boys of every size and age,
Come here daily for instruction to gain knowledge page by page.
Some by steady perseverance and by striving to do right,
Seldom hear that dreaded order, "After four, remain to-night."

The Latin class comes in for its share:

He has a stupid Latin class
That would aggravate a saint,
By trying hard to translate verbs
From authors old and quaint.
Nouns that are indeclineable,
Verbs with subjects won't agree—

But although the school was small and unprepossessing then, there was a school spirit which we might well covet. They all worked and played together, teachers and pupils, and all the best times that the "Old Boys" remember seemed to have a teacher playing a prominent part. Picnics and such luscious things as strawberry treats and sleigh rides were enjoyed by the whole school.

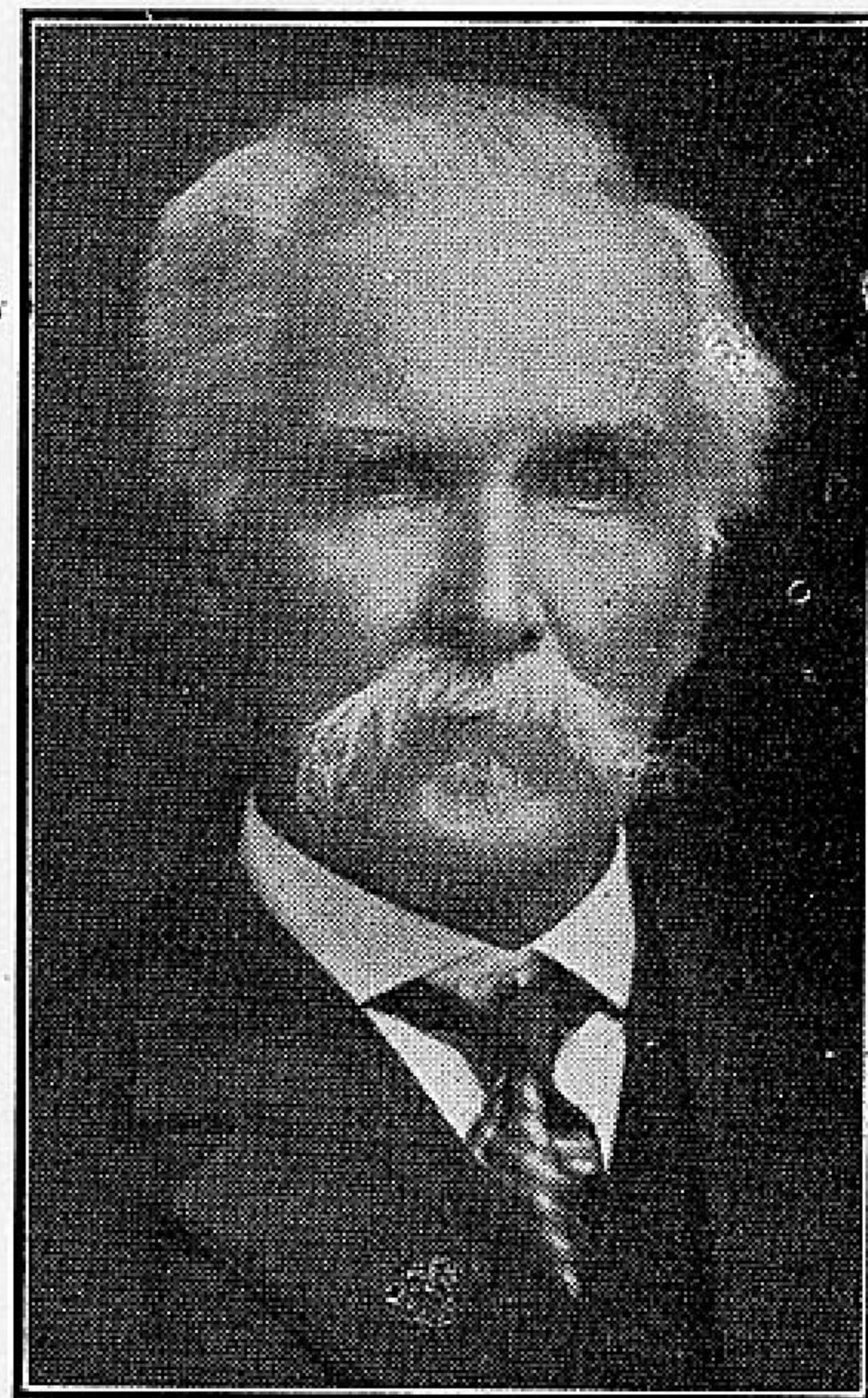
And the school has produced great men whom it has been proud to own, and who have looked back fondly all their life to the little Grammar School.

Even within the memory of present Fifth Form students there is history to be brought to light. They recall five years ago when they were timid freshmen, listening to Mr. Pearson's address up in the old auditorium (there was no gym. then), and feeling the responsibility

of their new position. There were so many pupils that year that the overflow was packed away in the spare rooms of the Memorial School. When the new edition was finished they moved and took their places with immense pride among the other pupils. When the big gym. was built the drowsy ones were awakened by blasting literally "apud se". And in a few years we grew so amazingly that another addition was necessary, and when we arrived back in September the school had moved out to meet us.

There are events of this year which when present First Formers are Fifth Formers, or "Old Boys", will be proudly told. They will boast that in their year the cafeteria was started, and that they even owned part of it. Perhaps the shares will be priceless then. Old veterans of the Cadet Corps will yarn to recruits about "Their Days". And soon there will be bigger and more exciting things to furnish history for the coming years. And our present "Insignificants" will be the big men of the future.

The "Old Boys" are not the only ones who have an honoured and beloved principal. We have ours, even to the little sayings and traits that make us love him still more. He will be remembered for his jokes and his cheery encouragement when the present pupils are "Old Boys".



JACOB BULL

The building of the first High School was begun in 1857, and completed in 1858. During its erection classes were held in the old Methodist Church, which has since been demolished, and where the present Central United Church now stands. It was originally called the Weston County Grammar School.

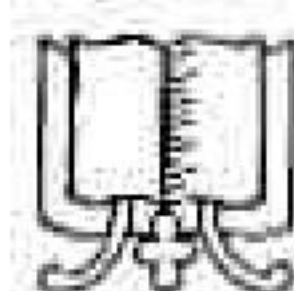
In 1874 this school was destroyed by fire, and on the old site a new school was erected in 1875. During the rebuilding the classes were again held in the Methodist Church, where the school began. The name was changed in 1871 to Weston High School.

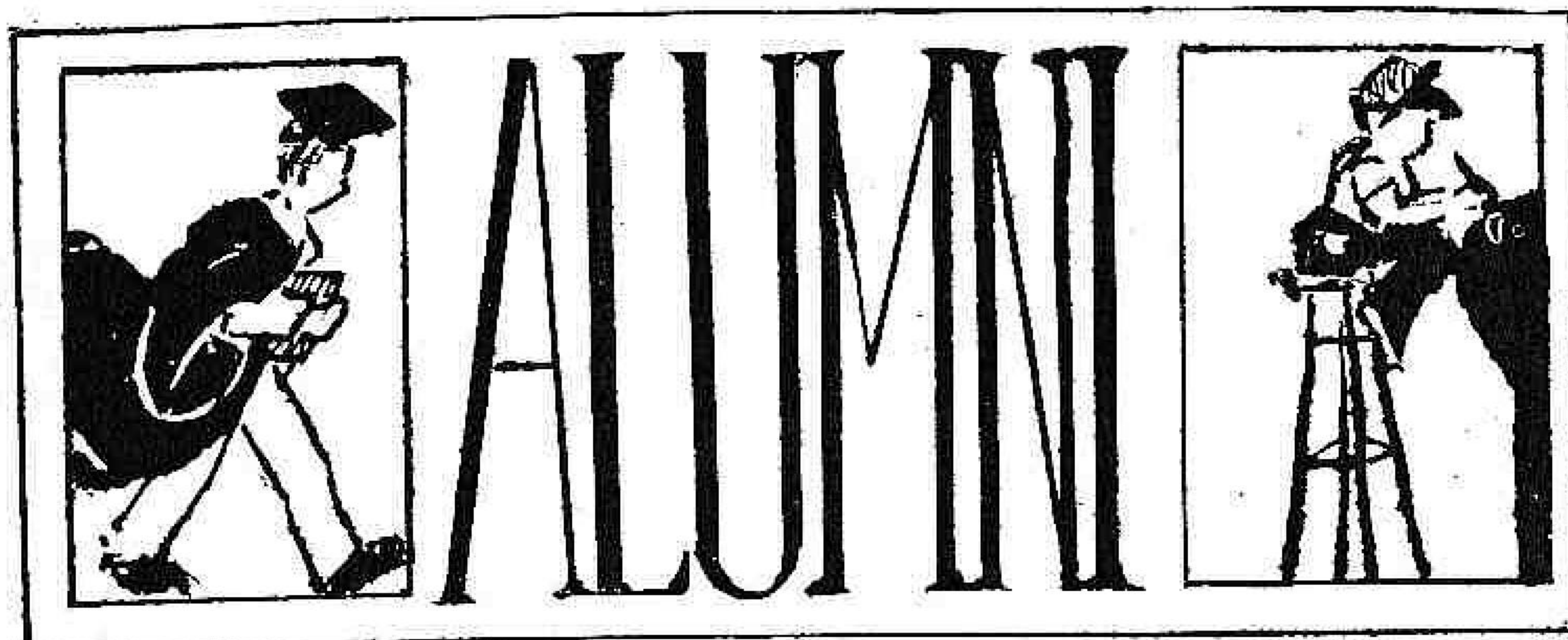
The school has had many principals, Mr. J. B. Lagan being the first in 1857, and Mr. Geo. Wallace in 1875, who held a very warm place in the hearts of all the pupils of that day.

The oldest and only surviving pupil of those who attended the first school is myself. The late Hon. N. Clark Wallace began his secondary education here in 1863, and the late Senator Lougheed, of Calgary, was also a graduate of the old school.

In looking back over the past many men who have made a success of life have received inspiration from the Weston High School. In the days to come may the old school still have the honour and success it has had in the past.

JACOB BULL, '61.





GEORGE WALLACE, B.A. (T.C.D.)

PRINCIPAL, 1875-1886.

The unveiling of the portrait of George Wallace in the Auditorium of the Weston High School on March 18th, 1927, under the auspices of the ex-Pupils' Association, was a notable event in educational circles—many of his pupils gathered on the occasion and renewed friendships of forty years ago. Alexander Pearson, the present principal, gave an excellent address.

Joseph B. Tyrrell, B.Sc., F.G.S., of Toronto, a mining engineer of continental reputation, an explorer and an author, stated that the "influence radiating out from the life of Mr. Wallace has been of inestimable value to Canada. His outstanding Christian example cannot be measured in terms of money, but in its wide and lasting influence".

Dr. Thomas E. Kaiser, of Oshawa, M.P. for South Ontario, and Dr. Emerson Bull, of Islington, a well-known physician, interested in public affairs, spoke highly of their teacher. Rev. Gilbert Agar, Secretary of Social Service for Ontario, eulogized his teacher, recalling the names of "old pupils" and interesting events in the school, and his remarks were listened to attentively. Other scholars were Joseph Watson, Dr. George R. Cruickshank, of Windsor, and J. Charles Bull, also later principals, Thomas E. Elliott, who was Mr. Wallace's last colleague; Thomas Kennedy, of Toronto, and A. L. Campbell, Inspector of Public Schools, Weston.

Solos were contributed by Mrs. Aitchison and Miss Meldrum, and a violin solo by Miss Roberta Emberson, and the High School Orchestra made several contributions to the entertainment of the audience.

Several letters from pupils of Mr. Wallace were read recalling memories of the past. Rev. W. Gladstone Watson, D.D. Professor of Pinehill College, Halifax, in his letter describes "the little gentleman stepping into the school with his books and papers", and refers to the "encouragement which he received to go on with his studies" with a view to entering the teaching profession. He refers to former pupils from Toronto who have since passed away—Edith Curzon, Bob Gibson and Eliza Balmer—and recalls also Jim and Grattan Tyrrell, Joe Franks, Gilbert Agar, Frank Jackson, John C. Warbrick, Dave Ward, Charlie Moore, Fannie Ferrier, Annie Reid (now

Mrs. John K. Moffat), Walter Reid, Ernest Willoughby, Jennie Cruickshank (now Mrs. Dr. J. C. Bailey), Tom Watson and Thomas E. Elliott.

David O. Wood, General Freight Traffic Manager C.N.R., writes that he "has always considered him one of the guiding stars of his life, and has never forgotten the pains that he took to give him instruction, and the advice he gave him on leaving the old school".

Howard Glassford, a journalist of Buffalo, writes that he "thinks of him not so much in his capacity of teacher and educator as along the lines of lofty example, moral sympathy and cultural impress, in each of which spheres he stood pre-eminent; also that his memory ever shall remain unfadingly green to the entire community that he so ably served".

James Tyrrell, C.E., of Hamilton, explorer and author of "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada"; Mrs. Lina Rogers Struthers, wife of Dr. Struthers; Mrs. Eliza Agar Frawley, wife of Dr. Frawley; Dave Ward, and many others were present.

The portrait was executed by Messrs. Kurz & Allison, of Chicago, and in compliance with a desire of his brother-in-law, Alexander Allison was presented by Miss Mary MacDonald to the Weston Board of Education. The excellent portrait was unveiled by Joseph Nason, President of the Association.

George Wallace was born in Scotland, July 15th, 1845, graduated in classics at Trinity College, Dublin, taught for a time at Upper Canada College, Toronto, was appointed head master of Weston High School, April, 1875, and died on February 24th, 1886, aged forty years. Hugh S. Wallace and George M. Wallace, of Los Angeles, California, are nephews. Tribute was paid to the memory of other pupils now deceased—Sir James Loughheed, former Leader of the Senate at Ottawa; Rev. Dr. Shearer, former General Secretary of the Social Service Council of Canada; Rev. Mungo Fraser, and Rev. Dr. Grey.

Mr. John K. Macdonald, President of the Confederation Life Association, was a pupil of the first Head Master of the Weston Grammar School, John B. Lagan, and in 1860 was assistant teacher in the School. He recalls keeping in for three-quarters of an hour "B" for not learning his lesson in Euclid and he quietly told him that he was wasting the teacher's time as well as his own. A friendly relationship existed between the teacher and pupils, and the next morning "B" brought him a very large apple. Mr. Macdonald is Honorary Governor of St. Andrew's College of 200 scholars, of which his son, Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, is Head Master.

FIFTH FORM, 1925-26

DORIS PEAREN—"Both worth and modesty she doth possess."
—*Toronto Normal School.*

* * * *

WINNIFRED LUND—"Still waters run deep."
—*Toronto Normal School.*

* * * *

CHRISSIE SHEPHERD—"She wears well with acquaintance."
—*At School in London, England.*

* * * *

DORIS COLEMAN—
"Cool, unperturbed by stress and hurry,
Inclined to work, but not to worry."
—*Toronto Normal School.*

* * * *

SUSIE KING—
"Keeps her counsel, does her duty,
Cleaves to friends and loveth beauty."
—*Toronto Normal School.*

* * * *

BEA NATTRESS—"Why should life all labour be."
—*Toronto Normal School.*

* * * *

HAZEL CHILVERS—
"We're here to-day and gone to-morrow."
—*Toronto Normal School.*

* * * *

HELEN PETERS—
"Ambition is the pathway to success."
—*Training in Grace Hospital.*

* * * *

MARY WILKIE—
"She plays the game and hopes to win it,
And yet gets all the fun that's in it."
—*Teaching in King.*

* * * *

MARGARET BANKS—
"You can always bank on the Bankses."
—*Business College.*

* * * *

BERTHA PROCTOR—"Merry as the day is long."
—*Toronto Normal School.*

* * * *

EDITH THOMPSON—
"To know her better was to love her more."
—*Toronto Normal School.*

* * * *

EDNA WRIGHT—
"To all her virtues be a little kind,
To all her faults, whate'er they are, be blind."
—*Business College.*

The Section
for
Junior Misses

IT'S a delightful place to shop. Here you'll find scores of smart, becoming Frocks at most moderate prices.

NOW the colorful silk Frocks are well to the fore, chic with fine tuckings, pleatings, panels, new neck lines, interesting sleeves. Sometimes one sees a French shoulder flower of self material, sometimes a dainty bow. Often the two-tone compose mode is featured—a mode emphasized in the new Paris creations. Sizes 13 to 19 years. At \$19.50 to \$25.00.



THIRD FLOOR

The Robert **Simpson** Company
Limited

ROBENA KERR—

"Benevolent and kind she was, and had a smile for all."
—*Business College.*

* * * *

While the days are fleeting fast
'Tis pleasant to recall the past.

* * * *

BERTRAM ROBINSON—"Too deep for me."

When not playing in the varsity band Bert is studying mining.

* * * *

HAROLD DURHAM—

"He bangs upon the piano keys
In search of jazzy melodies."

After trying the stationery business and banking, Harold has finally settled with the Canada Life Insurance Company.

* * * *

LEONARD MEYER—"Gee! What's this all about?"

Leonard is studying electrical engineering at the U. of T.

* * * *

REGINALD SPENCER—

"Almost to all things could he turn his hand."

"Dunc" is employed in Nixon's drug store in Mount Dennis.

* * * *

WILLIAM MCLEAN—

"Let me have men about me that are fat, such as sleep o'
nights."

Bill is helping Harold run the Canada Life Company.

* * * *

CHARLES STEVENS—

"When he has nothing to say, he says nothing."

Charlie is taking an art course at the U. of T.

* * * *

ALEX. MILLIGAN—"Oh! Ha! So there you are!"

Alex. is studying medicine at the U. of T.

* * * *

DANIEL MEWHORT—

"That it is so, is not enough;
I must know why."

Dan is pursuing his studies at Toronto Normal School.

* * * *

JOHN POTTER—

"Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning."

After a year of leisure Johnnie is now working in the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

* * * *

HOWARD ROWNTREE—"Morning, Gentlemen."

Howard is attending U. of T.

PHILIP SIMS—

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down
his life for his friends.”

Philip is steadily pursuing engineering at S.P.S.

* * * *

ALFRED POSTE—

“Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”

Alfie is attending a collegiate in Toronto.

* * * *

HERBERT ROWLAND—

“Conspicuous for mirth and laughter—ladies first and ladies
after.”

Herbert is labouring in a stock broker's office in Toronto.

* * * *

GEORGE—

“Better be small and shine
Than to be great and cast a shadow.”

Georgie is helping his father at home on the farm.

* * * *

DONALD WADE—“Don't show your ignorance.”

Don, the budding lawyer, is studying arts at the U. of T.

* * * *

JOHN VOSS—

“Sometimes from her eyes I did receive speechless messages.”

John is attending Normal School in Toronto.

* * * *

HARRY BENNETT—

“If joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash.”

Harry is serving his time as apprentice in a lawyer's office.

* * * *

CAMPEAN CARRUTHERS—

“Go West, young men, go West.”

Camp is watching the hay grow in Downsview.

* * * *

DOUGLAS COULTER—

“He loveth music and also beauty,
The night for love and the day for duty.”

“Doug” is now in the haberdashery business in California.

* * * *

FRED FRY—

“I am not bound to please thee with my answers.”

Freddy is at home at present preparing for the future.

* * * *

FRED LITHGOW—

“Yon Lithgow hath a lean and hungry look; such men are
dangerous.”

Teddy is working at the Willys-Overland.

ALDEN CATHCART—

“Aw! For cat's sakes!”

Al is working in the Bank of Nova Scotia in Mount Dennis.

* * * *

WYATT DICK—

“With flattering words and gentle tone to woo and win
some guileless maid.”

Wyatt is employed by the T. Eaton Co. at present.

EX-PUPILS OF FORM IV., 1925-26

E. HALLETT—Bank.

ALEX. BATT—Office.

F. BEAMISH—Office of Bell Telephone Company.

M. PATTERSON—Royal Bank, St. Clair and Keele.

LYMAN CHAPMAN—Guelph Agricultural College.

F. GOULD—Normal School.

H. CLARK—Bank of Montreal, Weston.

N. WALLACE—

W. ROYLE—Normal School.

CARL TAPSCOTT—Jarvis Street Collegiate.

STANLEY SEAL—Jarvis Street Collegiate.

PERCY ELLIOTT—University of Toronto.

A. HOLLINGSWORTH—Bank of Nova Scotia.

KEN. HUTCHINSON—Refrigerator repairman.

R. HOLLAND—School in the United States.

E. TRIMBLE—Bank in Toronto.

S. WALKER—Drug clerk, Toronto.

N. McDONALD—Clerk in a store.

V. SAVAGE—Bank of Montreal, Toronto.

A. CARRINGTON—University of Toronto.

P. REYNOLDS—Drug clerk, Gravenhurst.

* * * *

MURIEL JOHNSTON is working in an office at the Canadian Kodak Company, Mount Dennis.

VERA FARR has taken a position in Farr's Garage, Weston.

FLORENCE REID is working in the candy department at Eaton's, Toronto.

FLOSSIE MONKMAN is attending Shaw's Business College, West Toronto Junction.

JEAN MCKINNON and VELMA MEYERS are staying at home this year.

DORIS SINCLAIR holds a position in the Bank of Commerce, Toronto.

EVELYN BENTLEY, ALICE COOPER and AGNES MEIKLE have gone to swell the ranks at Toronto Normal School, Toronto.

MARION CORNELL has taken a position with the Crown Life Insurance Company, Toronto.

ETELKA WILEY is enrolled among the pupils of Humberside Collegiate, Toronto.

LILLIAN CLAYTON is attending business college in Toronto.

MARY PATTERSON has a position with the Bell Telephone Company, Toronto.



1867—

DOMINION DAY

—1927

So few her birthdays, yet so great her promise
In woodland, hill, and shimmering silver lake;
So great is her achievement that we give her
All honour, for her own sweet sake.

Fairest of maiden nations, this Dominion,
Whose gown is broidered with blue seas and streams,
Whose jewels are fair cities, new, majestic,
Surpassing even her most hopeful dreams.

Her arms are open, and she fain would welcome
Those of her kin who come with truth and love—
God grant they will not spurn her gentle offerings,
But ever seek for wisdom from above.

So few her birthdays, yet so great her promise,
That we who claim her as a mother, stand,
O'erwhelmed with love and trustful adoration
Before our own, our own Canadian Land.

By LEREINE BALLANTYNE, from "*Firelight Fancies.*"

First Prize, Senior High School

FIGURES IN THE FIRELIGHT

By KENNETH JOHNSTONE, Form V.

I do not know how I got there, but there I was! A fiery, glowing orb, not unlike molten iron, spun round and round before my eyes, nearly blinding me. Alternately contracting and expanding, circular in form, it was as a big yellow disc suspended before my view. Gradually I began to see better, to see other shapes emerging from the comparative gloom and passing with varying speed between the glow and my gaze. Now a huge demon paused, glared at me, and then passed on. Several lesser imps danced and cavorted before my face.

Would they never cease?

Each shape or mass of shapes was succeeded by another more fantastic. My head was swimming. But they would persist in dancing. If they only had remained quiet, allowing me to collect my wits, it would have been less bewildering. No, they must jump and skip about, here, there, but always silhouetted against the light of that mighty fire. Surely it was Hades I was visiting. (At least I hoped it was only a visit.)

I looked for the proverbial two-pronged forks and peculiar tails of Lucifer's minions. To my relief, as well as I could make out, none were in evidence. I breathed more freely. Was I in Heaven, then? I listened. Not a harp could I hear; nor choral voices raised in praise and thanksgiving—only a mosquito-like buzzing greeted my ears. Certainly there would be no mosquitoes in the celestial regions. Then I was not in Heaven.

I determined to reason out the problem as a theorem in geometry. There were three sides to the triangle, Heaven, Hades and Home. I was not in Hades, I knew. The same held true for Heaven. (By construction.) Therefore I was a point on the other side of the triangle. I was somewhere on Mother Earth.

For a while I considered dropping a perpendicular to find more definitely my location. The idea was ultimately discarded, and I returned to my figures. Despite my plight, the ill-natured shades continued their merry way. It was becoming monotonous. Just as my patience was almost exhausted, one, a little more clearly defined than the rest, bearing something closely resembling a bucket, paused, came near, loomed over me, and then—

In a twinkling I found myself at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, fighting my way through the water, which on its part exerted every effort to keep me submerged.

Up—up—ah!

My head emerged from the water. Blinking, I took stock of my surroundings. "Where was I?" Oh, just stealing a little rest on the Rugby field, after some inconsiderate foe had attempted a drop-kick, using my head as a ball.

Standing between me and the setting sun, my sympathetic teammates unwittingly had become the firelight figures of my hallucination, and our coach, a water-pail in his hand, had formed the chief spectre.

Such were the only figures I have yet seen by firelight.

First Prize Poem

SONNET

By HENRY ROWLAND, Form IV. A.

It is not to be thought of, that our School,
Which ten and three score years has staunchly stood
And trained its many pupils, for their good
With lucid learning and with rational rule,
In which now many pass delightful days,
Which they will soon look back to with regard
Regretting youth, should be without record;
That in the future years a too deep haze
Should slowly dim a misty memory
And thus obliterate, in elders' ways,
The many vict'ries won, the longed-for glory
Our rich reward. How blithe we took our place
On heights of fame—that time we made the team!
“Lest we forget”—we have our magazine.

First Prize, Senior Vocational

SEAWEED

By MABEL DRUGAN, Special Commercial

The hot July sun had run its normal course in the clear atmosphere above; not a breath of wind had blown its cool breezes through the seaport town of Marshby. The congested quarters of the large coastal town, with its fish markets and bazaars of cheap merchandise, its gloomy warehouses, all added to the humidity of the hot summer's day.

Traders were not as busy as usual, errand boys ran, or rather walked with a “measured step and slow”. No one seemed to care who it was that took things easy. The town was stricken with the July heat wave and suffered accordingly. The more fortunate of the inhabitants and passing tourists took refuge from the unbearable heat by lolling around the beach, watching barefooted sailors hauling in sails or splicing ropes.

Ragged school children built castles of sand on the fine level beach, while mischievous boys threw large pebbles at their handiwork, smashing the castles and sand pies to pieces. The waves came in with clock-like regularity, no two waves seemed alike or spent their force and showed their foam-tinted edges at exactly the same place.

Over it all, came a delightful coolness which compared with the town itself was likened to an oasis in a desert.

Close by, seated in canvas chairs, were two men, evidently of the city variety. The older man, a corpulent person with a rounded head and massive shoulders, was evidently dictating a letter, for now and again he would clasp and unclasp his fingers, his greedy eyes would look broodingly out to the blue horizon, and each time he would un-

clasp his fingers he would give forth another incoherent rambling sentence, and then, as if to improve the context, would say, "No, cross that out, Simpson, and take this instead". The secretary, a lean-faced individual (as thin as the other was fat) was all patience, writing and re-writing, till the "Yours truly" was reached at the end of the letter.

"It will make us a fortune, this seaweed business," said the corpulent gentleman, "and if the trust company can see their way we can arrange to handle the whole proposition, and then (mum's the word) when the company is formed, and we get the share capital, we will find this place too hot and move on."

Their greedy plans uppermost in their minds, both men rose to go—and as they did so were confronted by a stranger, a tall slim gentleman, who to all outward appearances was a man of the world. He was, as he termed himself, the "Commissioner of Coastal Services", and let contracts on behalf of the government of "fishing rights, sand and gravel concessions", he collected dockage rates from the boats.

"Why," said Mr. Rogers nudging his secretary, "you're just the man we wish to see," and Mr. Rogers unfolded his scheme, showing how by interesting capitalists, etc., he could form a company and harvest the seaweed from the seashore and from the sea bottom if necessary. On a calculation he estimated that there were millions of tons of seaweed strewn or lying around the seashore, which, if when subjected to his secret process, would yield an immense quantity of "iodine".

The commissioner was sure that the idea was excellent, and that the town would proudly boast another new factory. Mr. Rogers would call the company the "Seaweed Refinery Co.", and almost convinced the commissioner to invest capital there and then. No time was to be lost in securing the exclusive rights to comb the shores for seaweed, and Mr. Rogers would have to pay \$300 down, which gave, for the sum of \$1,000, these rights. The money was paid, and if Mr. Rogers would call at the Town Hall next day, he, the commissioner, would have legal documents drawn, and then Mr. Rogers could arrange to form his company.

The men parted all satisfied that a good deal had been completed, Mr. Rogers gloating over the idea of getting this concession which he never expected to pay any more money on after his mythical company was once started.

Next day at the hour of 3 p.m. Mr. Rogers and his secretary presented themselves at the Town Hall and asked to see the commissioner of coastal services. The janitor on guard gave a broad grin.

"No such title as that around here," said he.

"Well," said Mr. Rogers with an air of importance, "I have purchased the exclusive right to gather seaweed from the beach, and if you don't mind I'll see the mayor of the town."

"Well," said the janitor with a smile, "the mayor's not in at present, but step this way", and he led them to a door marked "Town

Clerk". They were ushered in, and demanded to have the legal documents as promised by the "Commissioner", telling in detail to the grinning clerk the story of their previous deal with the commissioner. The clerk, after a hearty laugh, explained that no such gentleman as they described had any official right to sell the privilege of gathering seaweed. It wasn't for sale.

"But who was the tall gentleman we paid the money to?"

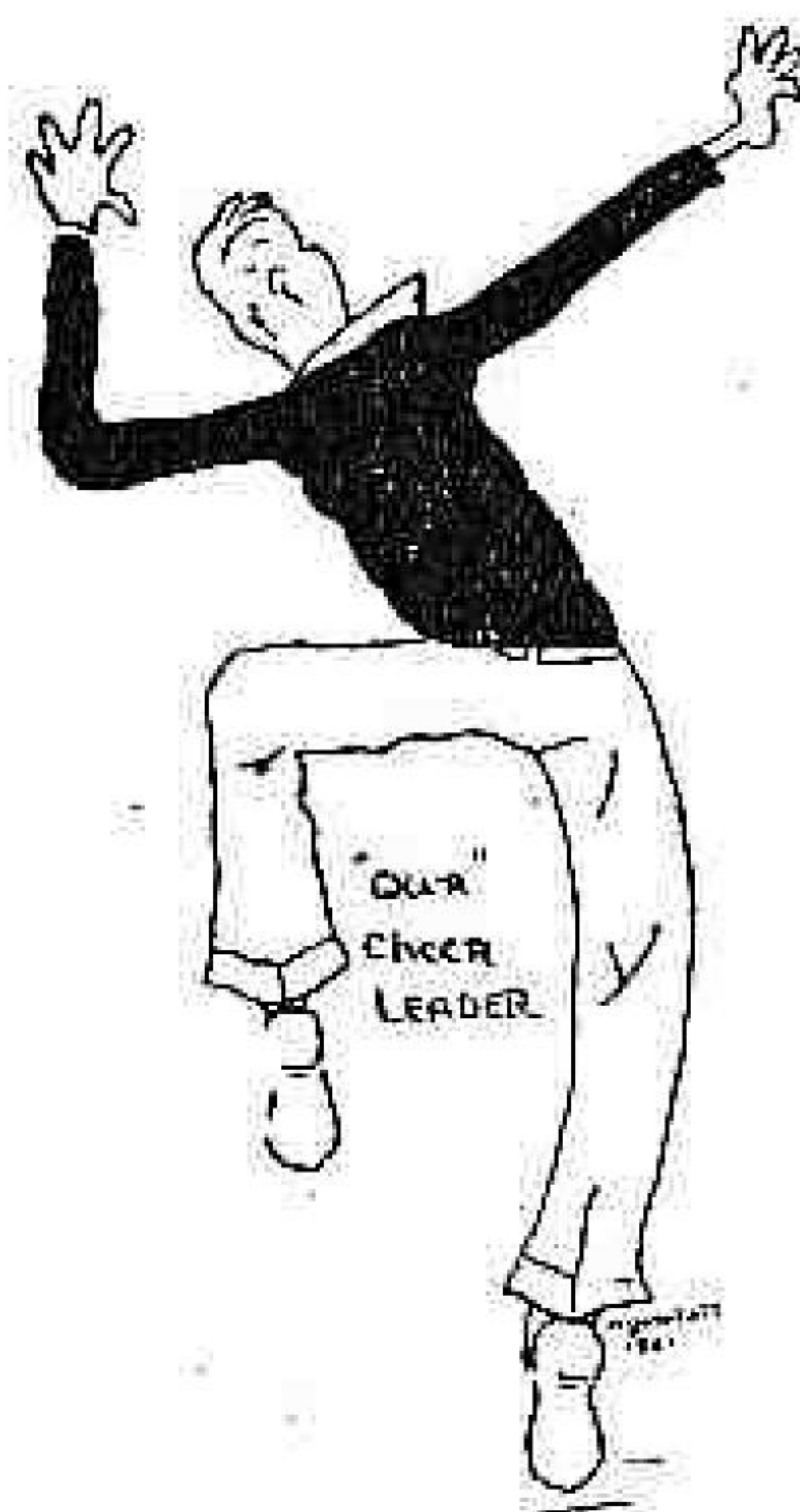
"Oh, I suspect that was Slim Jim; he has evidently heard you speaking and saw his chance."

"But what is his official position?"

"Well, sir, I would say that he is a coastal shark, always on the lookout for suckers."

Mr. Rogers almost collapsed, the secretary went limp. "We have been defrauded out of \$300," said Mr. Rogers; "let's get out; this is no town for honest men."

Proving that, "He who laughs last, laughs best."



ON THE DEATH OF A TRAMP

By KENNETH JOHNSTONE, Form V.

We found him lying near the bridge,
Part hidden by a snowy ridge,
His half-clenched hands were stiff and blue,
His face was of a deathly hue.
The open mouth a grin did wreath
As though he laughed between his teeth,
A laugh of joy, in Death's approach,
At earthly troubles, Fate's reproach.
They searched his body, thin and worn,
His ragged coat, so old and torn,
They found no clue, no sign or card,
His name was in Death's silent guard.
He bore the marks of Life's cruel blows;
The kind the down-and-outer knows.
"A drunken bum, no doubt," one said,
"It's just as well the beggar's dead."
Quite so. Why should a soul so low
Be given breath, allowed to grow?
And why should all of lowly birth
Be counted aught? They are not worth
The keeping. Yet in bloody war
They may be used to shed their gore.
A useful way to rid the earth
Of useless trash. There seems no dearth
Of either. Then they are of use
In factory drudging to produce
Our goods. Of course they're not so bold.
To e'er expect a share of gold.
Although their labour was the means
Of giving wealth to greater beings.
Yes, greater, for we laugh at rot
About man's love. We've always fought
And always will. There is no peace
For humankind, till Death's release,
Though money is our only aim
(The genius craves immortal fame).
It has its worries, but there's not
Another goal that may be sought.
We'll worship Gold until we die
And then in Gold we hope to lie:
"About this tramp—we'll leave him here
(His frozen form and ghastly leer),
And if his name is not revealed
They'll dig his grave in Paupers' Field."

First Prize, Junior High School

PRINCESS DEWDROP

BY BESSIE GRAHAM, FORM III. A.

Evening was coming on; darkness was beginning to fall, and all was silent near the little lake, save, perhaps, the lapping of the water on the sandy shore.

Suddenly a rustle was heard and out of the mist stepped a beautiful little girl. She was Dewdrop, the daughter of King Frost and Queen Sun, who ruled the little island in the middle of the sea.

But what was that? The little girl had picked up something bright and glistening. It was a ring. Her eyes shone as she placed it on her finger. But the moment she placed it on that tiny white finger darkness fell and nothing could be seen.

The earth gave way beneath her, and she sank and sank. One little white arm she flung up to keep the dust out of her eyes as she floated down. Dewdrop landed like a feather on something soft and then lowered the arm which was protecting her eyes.

Oh, wonder of wonders, what was this? The little princess found herself seated in a small bower made from rose leaves held together by little green tendrils from the ivy that grew all around. She was alone in the room except for a green thing in front of her, right at her feet, and, as a matter of fact, she did not know whether it was alive or not.

Suddenly a gust of wind flung her curls all over her face, and when she brushed her hair back she found herself surrounded by ring after ring of lovely little fairies, with gauzy wings and shining eyes, dancing around her, and, to the tune of the Fairy National Anthem, they were singing, "You must be our Queen, you know."

Just then two more fairies came into the room. One was a goblin with an extremely ugly face, the other was like a butterfly. Between the two they were carrying the loveliest crown in all fairyland. It was made from dewdrops set in a golden-rod which was hollowed out below so that it just fitted the little girl's head. They crowned her—then danced about in delight.

Now, Dewdrop was as practical as she was beautiful, so she decided that if she was to be Queen she would spend her whole time helping her fairy friends to make beautiful things.

She called all the fairies around her, and to her disgust that ugly little goblin squeezed right up beside her. She decided, since she was Queen, that she would not be annoyed by him, so she told all the fairies that, if they would take away this ugly goblin she would show them how to make pretty dresses, for she was shocked that they had only a rose petal flung over their shoulders for dresses.

At this all the fairies sighed, and one of the older fairies came forward and told Dewdrop that this was the Goblin, Work, and that no one could do anything beautifully or well without him. "We

PHONE 704

EAGLE BLOCK

Weston

Campbell's Delicatessen

HOME-COOKED MEATS FOR YOUR LUNCH
PICNICS OR PARTIES

Roast Chicken
Roast Beef
Roast Veal
Roast Tenderloin
Roast Pork
Roast Spare Ribs

Ox Tongue
Boiled Hocks
Pressed Veal
Corned Beef
Potted Meats

Pickles, Salads
and Relishes
to suit every taste.

Dill Pickles
Pickled Pigs' Feet

BEEF PIES AND CHICKEN PIES

Our own Salad Dressing, 20c Jar.

New Laid Eggs from our own Hennerly (Fresh Daily).

Imported and Domestic Cheese—Old and New Canadian, Roquefort,
Swiss Gueyer, Camembert, Oka,
Stilton, Baumert Cream and Pimento and others.

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The home of your
amusement.

The theatre built by Weston
citizens for Weston citizens.

Always the very best
attractions.

Patronize your
HOME TOWN THEATRE

Use More Hydro

"It's Yours"

Weston Water, Power and Light
Commission

A. G. Pearson, Superintendent

cannot take him away," she concluded, "so the best thing you can do is not to look at him."

Dewdrop at once began to help the fairies to make hats and shoes and dresses. She even made a little red coat from a poppy leaf for a very fat, chubby little goblin, but he laughed so hard at the button-hole that he broke the button off. Meanwhile Work had helped Dewdrop so much to make the things that she began to like him. The more things she made the better she liked him, and at last she became so fond of him that she had hardly time for anyone else.

She was happy for a long time, and then at last Wishing Day came, when all the fairies were allowed to have three of their wishes come true. The fairies set their Queen on the Wishing Stone, which was none other than the green thing she had noticed when she first came to fairyland, and told her to name her wishes.

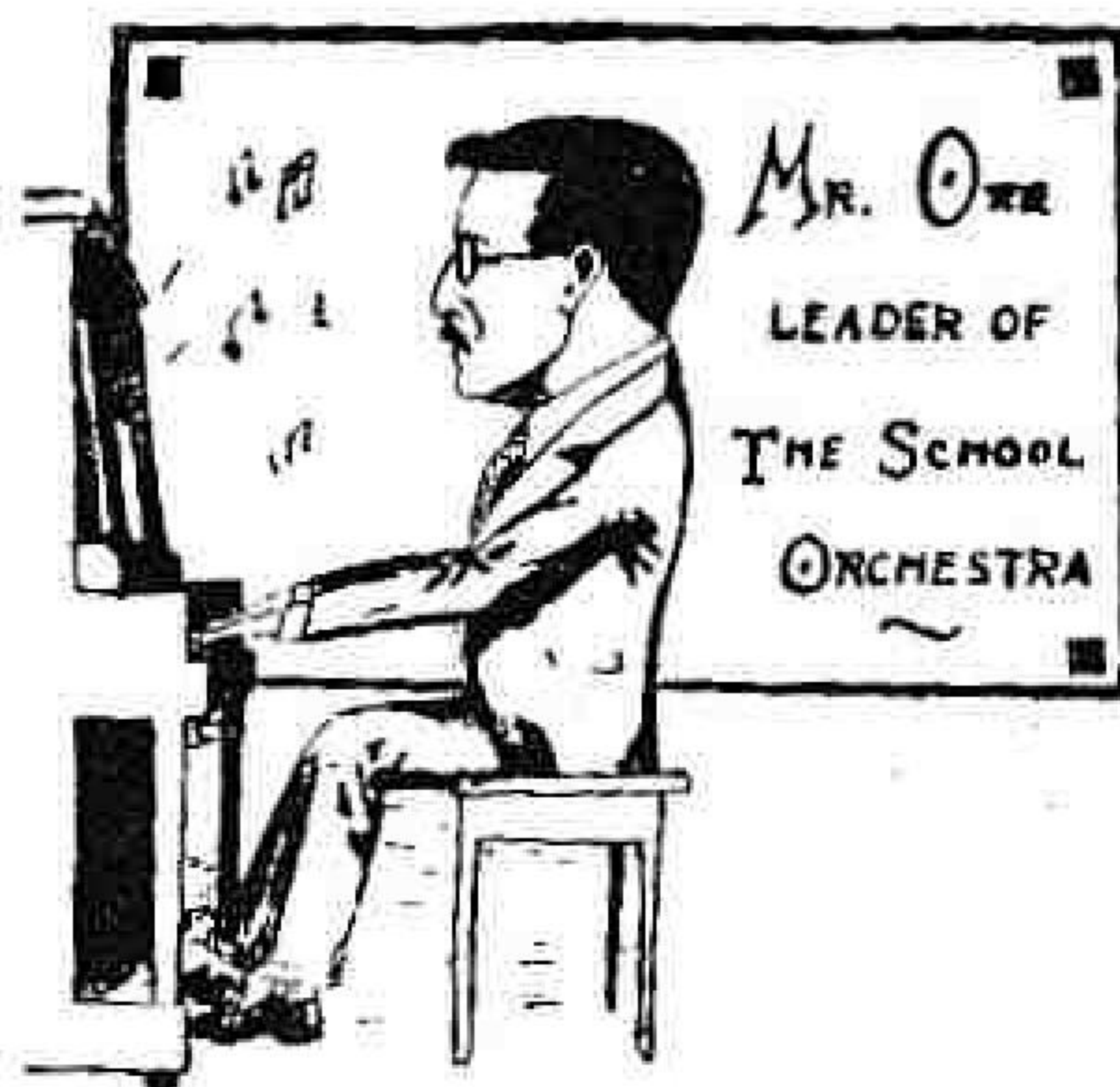
Now Dewdrop loved her mother and father, and she was beginning to long to see them again, so she wished to go back to the earth. Not wishing to leave Work behind she asked that he go with her, and then as she could think of nothing else she wished them all good luck.

A voice came out of the green stone on which she was sitting. It said: "Take off your ring." Dewdrop did this, and at once she began to rise. One hand she put over her eyes as before, but a little knotty hand slipped over her other and she knew her friend Work was with her.

At last she reached the top. For a moment it was dark and then light came. She turned to her friend, but in the place of the ugly little goblin stood the handsomest prince Dewdrop had ever seen. He came forward and took her hand.

"Dewdrop," he said, "I am your friend Work. Years ago my father, King Labour, sent me to fairyland because no one would come near him as long as I was around. He said that as soon as someone fell in love with me who was worthy to be his daughter, then I would become the handsomest man on earth."

Dewdrop laughed, then suddenly remembering the ring, she cast it on the beach, and together they went home to the King's palace. The king was overjoyed to see his little lost daughter again, and he built a beautiful palace for the Prince and Princess. The Prince made Dewdrop promise not to go back to fairyland, so they lived happily together ever after.



Second Prize, Senior Vocational

A VISIT TO MOFFAT'S STOVE FACTORY

By GLYN HUNT

The first form boys of Weston Vocational School spent a very profitable afternoon visiting Moffat's stove factory, on February the fifteenth. The different departments were shown and explained to us by Mr. Moffat and the superintendent.

The factory is situated on Dennison Avenue. The factory and office covers quite a large area. There are a number of departments, the principal ones being: the sand blasting room, the enamelling room, the moulding room, the electric shop and the woodworking department.

We first visited the sand blasting room. This is a small enclosed room in which the metal is cleaned by means of a sand blast, the sand being driven out with terrific force by a pump. The persons employed in this room are attired in divers' suits, to prevent being injured by the flying sand.

We were then taken to the smelting furnace, in which the iron is melted. The process of melting the iron is as follows: The furnace is filled alternately with layers of coke and iron. When full it is lighted and kept to a certain heat by the use of a blast. The iron when melted, runs to the bottom and is removed in buckets, which the men have at the end of long rods. It is so hot around this furnace that the men working there are half naked. To stop the flow of iron a piece of clay is put in the hole from which the iron comes out. The iron is poured from the buckets into moulds for the different parts of stoves. When the furnace is emptied of iron it is cleaned out and the same process gone through again. We spent a considerable time watching this interesting operation.

Next we visited the electric wiring shop. In this shop the electric stoves are assembled, a large amount of the work being done by means of an electric welder. This machine does a considerable amount of work in a very short time.

From there we were taken to the building where the enamelling and the putting on of the nickel is accomplished. This is done by electricity and water, acids and different liquids being put in the water in which the metal is dipped. We also visited the cafeteria in which was the same kind of stove that is used in the big hotels. It is capable of cooking a large quantity of food at one time.

The last place visited was the show room where there was a great variety of fine stoves ready for shipment to different parts of the world. We were all presented with the parts of a miniature cardboard stove to take home and put together.

When we left we were unanimous in saying we had had a very interesting and instructive visit and learned many things.

Second Prize Poem

A RIDE BY OURSELVES ON THE BAY

BY B. GRAHAM, FORM IV. B.

We turn to the south,
From the harbour mouth,
Over the rolling blue,
The waves flash bright,
In the clear moonlight,
And our prow keeps plunging through.

The bow cuts the crest,
And there follows the rest,
While the spray is dashed to the side,
The foam trail cleft
Is all that is left,
To show where we sailed with the tide.

We lean to the lunge
Of the boat's soft plunge,
And look far out over the bay,
Just to see the waves splash
Or to catch the bright flash
Of the far distant waves in their play.

We idle away
This hour of the day,
Till the wind breaks forth from the south,
And a mass of soft clouds
The pale moon enshrouds,
And we turn to the harbour mouth.

Second Prize, Senior High School

"GO TO THE ANT THOU SLUGGARD!"

BY HELEN MUSSON, FORM V.

The preacher climbed the hill slowly, and from where the sluggard lay he looked like a great black crane against the sky. And when he had reached the top, he paused and looked at the sluggard—a very lean young man, stretched indolently on the bank, but for all his indolence, a weary hollow-cheeked young man.

And the preacher, by virtue of his calling and his recent exertions, felt a stirring of resentment at this arrant vagabondry.

"Go to the Ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," he said.

But the sluggard did not appreciate his advice. He slept on in seeming peacefulness and his drowsy lashes never flickered. The preacher grunted his disgust, and left such fruitless efforts to pursue

his way again. As he disappeared over the hump in the road, the young man sat up.

"Once there was a Grasshopper who sang all summer," he quoted, "And when the winter came"—he grinned and stood up.

And on his way the spirit of the road claimed him, and he became slave to its loneliness—that gift which deserted roads give to kindred spirits. And it fortified the sluggard.

"Old Mister Minister, I can quote back at you," he chanted. "'Consider the lily—it toils not'. You haven't this—the loneliness and the rest! O what's the use of things done, and of toil—when there is earth and sky to live in?"

But when the winter came, the sluggard lean now and more gaunt said, "O Earth you are very beautiful, but very hard! O Sky, you are still glorious but very cold. Perhaps I had better try the Ant."

And he chose the most industrious farm along the road where the windmill clacked cheerfully and the hens clucked in the most contented manner.

"Indeed," said the sluggard, as he caught the warm breath from the barn and the smell of new milk, "Indeed, there must be some virtue in industry."

And the virtue stood on the doorstep all frothy white bubbles and warm delicious steam.

The sluggard because his knees were wobbly leaned by the door and asked, "May I work for some of that?"

O days of steaming bowl and heaped platters, of comfortable warmth, and snug beds! While outside the wind wailed in the pine trees and the frost cracked in the crystal air. Now, there was plenty, but hardly peace. There was a vagrant ache that refused to be satisfied with hot food and a vague chill that could not be warmed by the fire, and the sluggard heard it and felt its call.

"Old man Preacher," he would say softly, "The devil's getting me—he's getting me."

Curiously enough 'twas not the crying wind nor the sparkling frost which daunted him. For the wind whimpering around the eaves awakened the lonely chill till it wailed like a wild little song in tune. Then the sluggard would have to hold himself and say, "Fool, you will die out there—fool!"

But when the spring came the ache became almost intolerable. The soft yield of the earth—the magic of growing things set his vagabond spirits tingling and he had to hold himself still harder.

One night lying in his eave chamber with the ache still in his breast he said, "If I should die to-night—all my trying would be lost. It isn't right. God doesn't mean this to be a world of pain."

And so he went, and the earth and the sky gave him back his happiness. Climbing the hill he saw a scarecrow that looked remarkably like the Preacher, so he stood and shouted:

"Old Mister Preacher—I've been and I've come again. It doesn't work. It's eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow—"

The scarecrow flapped understandingly though the Preacher wouldn't have.

MARKET DAY

BY JOYCE SCYTHES, FORM 1A.

I went to the market on market day,
I saw three cocoanuts in a row,
I said, "I'll take these if I may,"
But the merchant answered "No."

I did not know why he refused,
But went on shopping all the same,
Nor did I get the least confused
Nor give him any blame.

It seemed that they were all sold out,
But I was not in need
Of cocoanuts! I didn't pout,
But then I bought some reed.

"I'll take five spools of cotton thread,
And seven pints of cream,
And please five loaves of fresh brown bread,
And paper, just a ream.

"Please sir, I'd like a peck of potatoes,
And seven yards of silk.
I'll take a couple of cans of tomatoes,
And fifteen pints of milk."

Please send my purchase right away,
I live upon the hill,
About a half a mile away,
And charge it on the bill.

Second Prize, Junior Vocational

"IN OUR GARDEN"

BY MARGUERITE DUNLOP, SPECIAL COMMERCIALS

One day as I was weeding our garden I heard voices around me speaking but could not see any people who were near enough for me to hear what they were saying.

I then heard someone crying but seeing no one around I got on my hands and knees and began weeding the patch of onions. The crying seemed to be getting louder and I then saw that the onions were crying, so stopped my work and listened.

A potato near by said, "Why do you cry, Miss Onion?" The onion replied, "The tomato said that I was growing too fat and soon my skin would burst." The potato then started to wipe its eyes as the onion and it were great friends.

The tomato said, "I didn't say anything of the kind, but you are getting too large." A small bean near by said, "You did, I heard you." The tomato then slapped the bean, causing it to fall from the stalk.

A cabbage that grew near used its large leaves to fan the bean, as it had fainted. The other vegetables around wondered what the tomato would do now as it was growing red with rage.

The tomato said, "I will slap you also, Mr. Cabbage, if you keep on fanning the bean." The cabbage kept on fanning the bean while the other vegetables started talking.

I could see that the others didn't care for the tomato as they were talking about it and saying what a coward it was to slap a poor little bean. As the tomato had now grown a bright red because of its temper, I took it from its vine and brought it into the house for lunch.

This experience taught me a lesson, for I could see that if you are a coward, or if you lose your temper, as the tomato did, you will have few friends, while on the other hand, if you are not a coward or if you can control your temper you will have plenty of friends.

IN THE TYPEWRITING ROOM

BY FLORENCE GAGNON, FORM III. COMMERCIAL

There are a number of tables,
All in the typewriting room,
On each is placed a typewriter,
There to be racked to ruin.

The sound of thumping all day long,
Can be heard all through the school,
A wrong thump here, and a wrong thump there,
Breaks many a Golden Rule.

That terrible din will never cease,
Although the efforts are great,
For when those machines do really stop,
'Tis the voices that will not wait.

Sometimes we have a speed test,
And then you should hear the row;
I always get so excited,
Perspiration comes on my brow.

Although we are but amateurs,
All on the road to fame,
We'll never, through any fault of ours,
Cause our School any shame.

A CITY'S FINANCIAL CENTRE

BY WILLIAM ROWLAND, FORM IIB.

Away down among the great canyons of any great city, is its heart, the centre of activity and commerce; the Stock Exchange.

A great many people do not realize the vast importance of this remarkable institution. Here, millions of dollars change hands every day, building up the prosperity and stability of the country.

There are a great many people who do not know how or why this centre of financial investment or speculation is conducted.

A man has money to invest. He does not wish to leave it in the bank, but wishes to obtain a better return for his money. Accordingly he goes to a stock broker's firm to ask them as to the best way to invest his money. The stock broker advises him with regard to the stock of a certain industrial company, which he thinks in time would give good returns on the investment. His client places an order with him to buy, for example, fifty shares of "Industrial Companies Limited."

The stock broker goes at once to one of the many telephones on his desk. The one that he picks up is a direct line to his "trader", as he is called, on the floor of the Exchange. He informs his trader of the order to buy "fifty Industrial Companies" at the market.

The trader leaves his phone and goes out onto the floor, where he shouts loudly, "Industrial Companies!" Immediately a clamour of voices is heard,

"Twenty-four bid."

"I'll sell fifty at twenty-five."

If twenty-five is the best figure the trader can get the stock for he buys it there.

If the client, wanting the stock had set a limit on the price which he wanted to pay, and had put in his order to buy fifty shares of the stock at twenty-four, the trader would bid twenty-four and wait until some one would sell at that price, or until the client raised his limit.

The reasons for a stock rising may be numerous. For instance, a rumour circulates around the "street" that a certain company will pay a larger dividend on its stock. People who understand the market know that if it does pay the dividend rumoured, the stock will be worth a great deal more than the present price. Heavy buying starts and the stock rises several points higher than the original price, depending of course, on how much the public favours the stock.

If the stock supports the rumour and pays a larger dividend, it rises higher, but if it does not support the rumour, the people who bought the stock are disappointed and sell, selling causes the stock to fall in price. It falls to a point where there is someone who will buy it, and often after "falling off" a few points the stock "firms" and starts to rise again.

The man buying for investment purposes usually buys some stock paying between five and six per cent. and lets the more risky type of buying alone.

The Stock Market is truly an indication of the country's prosperity. The public are shareholders in the nation's great industries.

The larger the earnings on a company's stock, the more it is worth and people receive larger returns on their investment. This naturally makes money "easier" and tends to greatly increase the prosperity of the country as a whole.

THE SPEED FIEND

BY PHILIP KNIBBS, FORM IIB.

It was a warm day in July,
The road was dusty, hot and dry,
When in the distance came a roar,
Which grew and grew and grew still more.
Till in a cloud of smothering dust,
And nuts and bolts and iron rust,
Going so swiftly, it seemed to fly,
A roaring, racing car rushed by.
The driver's hands were on the wheel,
His foot upon the gas,
While other cars pulled off the road,
To let the speeder pass.
He went at fifty miles an hour,
Turned corners at full speed,
For speeding was his one delight,
"Go faster" was his creed.
Then on a level stretch of road,
He spied a ten-ton truck,
And muttering to himself he said:
"Oh, hang! That's just my luck."
He nearer, nearer, nearer drew,
Upon his lips a smirk,
He pressed his foot down on the brake,
But found it wouldn't work.
The road was very narrow,
He noticed that—alas!
The ditch was deep on either side,
There was no room to pass.
His reckless speed he could not check,
He held that awful pace,
And hit the truck a sickening crash,
Then sailed out into space.
And in a little hospital
Some three days after date,
The speed fiend opened up his eyes,
And felt his bandaged pate.
He groaned a groan as he inquired,
And touched his bandaged head,
"I have a love for speed no more,
I'll go slow now," he said.
And when recovered quite he was,
All speeders he abhorred,
So all temptation to avoid,
He bought himself a Ford.

Second Prize, Junior

THE KAWARTHA LAKES

BY JACK PARIS, FORM III. VOCATIONAL

The Kawartha Lakes are a wonderful chain of lakes, situated about one hundred and twenty-five miles north of Toronto, accessible by railroads and excellent highways.

The first lake in the chain is Lake Kachiwanna, at the lower end of which is the village of Lakefield, with a population of about seven hundred. Most of the men of this village go to their daily work in the City of Peterborough, a distance of twelve miles. This lake is very beautiful, although not as picturesque as some of the others. There are three large islands situated there, each covering an area of nearly twenty-five acres. At the head, is the village of Young's Point, where there are locks in which the boats, that travel these lakes, are raised twelve feet, to the height of the next lake.

Next to this is Clear Lake, a larger lake, but one that contains no island of any description. It is a favourite resort for campers and holiday-seekers and several of the well-known camps for both girls and boys are to be found there. It also has the distinction of being the only lake in the chain that is surrounded by a sandy beach.

The lake to the north-east is Stoney Lake and the most picturesque of all. It is dotted with hundreds of islands, ranging in size from small rocks projecting out to the water to many acres. All of these are of rock formation and almost every one has on it a cottage of some description. The inhabitants of these islands obtain their supplies at Juniper Island in the centre of the lake where, there is a dance hall, a general store, a boat repair shop and a refreshment parlour.

At the top of Stoney Lake is Burleigh Falls, a place, though small, noted for its beauty and visited by many tourists during the summer months. Here, also are locks where boats are raised sixteen feet to the height of Buckhorn Lake, a lake larger than the rest and practically surrounded by farmhouses.

Above Buckhorn Lake is Pidgeon Lake, also surrounded by farms. At the upper end is situated the village of Bobcaygeon noted for its fishing. The last lake of any importance is Balsam Lake, formerly completely surrounded by bush, but now having odd places where timber has been hewn down to make room for a cottage. This lake is very treacherous, its waters suddenly changing from a smooth and safe surface to a rough and dangerous stretch of water. The water is extremely cold even in the heat of summer and only the hardiest and most daring swimmers will attempt to enter. Many islands are in this lake and at the top end is the well-known town of Fenelon Falls.

Fishing in these lakes is excellent, black and green bass, mas-kinonge, pike and pickerel being the chief fish caught.

A trip by steamer on these lakes is ideal. A boat leaves Lakefield at nine a.m., tours three lakes, namely, Kachiwanna, Clear and Stoney Lakes, and returns to Lakefield at five-fifteen p.m. All these lakes are unrivalled locations for summer resorts and as time goes by they will attract more and more tourist attention.

THE COURSE OF A RIVER

BY JEAN CASTRELL

Down a mountain very steep,
Runs a river, swift and deep;
Then through forests softly flows
Where the Indian often goes:

Across the prairie it makes its way,
Where the glad sunbeams play,
Then into a lake it flows,
Where the east wind often blows.

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE

BY EDITH BAINBRIDGE, FORM IVA.

There are many fair villages on the shores of Morecombe Bay, but Pilling is surely the loveliest. It is a sleepy, sunshiny, little place, typical of English villages in general, and with a certain mellow charm not found in modern up-to-date Canada, a charm that comes with age, like that of the Pentelic marble of the Parthenon.



PILLING VILLAGE

Through the centre of the village runs the road. But it is not like other roads, for it curves and twists between hawthorne hedges in a lazy, tantalizing fashion, making you wonder what lies beyond each bend. The whitewashed cottages, with thatched roofs stand at intervals by the wayside. They must have been built, but they seem to have grown out of the earth like great mushrooms. Behind the cottages, and stretching between the green hedges are great fields of yellow corn, and in the corn there are scarlet poppies, fairy flowers, whose petals fall at the least breath of air. At the end of the winding road are the broad blue waters of Morecombe Bay, with the tide ebbing and flowing across the yellow sands. In the springtime, the marshes are aglow with delicate, rosy, sea pinks. Looking over the bay, you can see the green hills of the Pennine Chain. On very clear days some of the lofty Cumbrians are visible, far away and indistinct, like the castle turrets of fairyland.

The people of the village still retain many of the old fashioned customs. Old ladies wear sun bonnets and shawls, and children wear

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stiffly starched white pinafores on all occasions. On week days, the whole population wear "clogs", shoes of stiff leather, with wooden soles, and resembling the wooden shoes of the Dutch. There are certain festal days in the village, chief among them the "Old Club Day". It is a day of holiday for all. The people parade along the road behind Morris dancers to a broad village "green", and there they have old-fashioned dances and songs, concluding with the May-pole. After this there is feasting and fun for half the night.

Of course, there is a manor house, one of the stately homes of England. It stands on the sea shore outside the village. The house is redeemed from plainness by a profusion of ivy climbing over the walls. The grounds themselves are bowers of beauty. Beside a tiny lake, with miniature islands there is a small woodland dell filled with ivy, carpeting the ground hanging from the trees and clustering around a rustic bridge.

In this part of the country there are many windmills, as in Holland, and Pilling Mill is by no means the least beautiful. Standing by a broad stream, it gleams white in the sunlight, and its big sails flap in the breeze. Indeed, the windmills in this country are so numerous that Allan Clark, the English author, has christened it "Windmill Land."

The church of Pilling is well-known by all tourists and lovers of old things. It is no longer in use, but is open to the public. Some of the flat, moss-grown slabs in the church yard date back to the early sixteenth century. Over the church door is an old sundial. Within there are old-fashioned galleries in which one can picture the grandmothers sitting, when they were girls, in flowered crinolines and poke bonnets, and casting sweet glances at their beaux, instead of listening to the worthy minister's sermon. On the altar table there is an old Bible which has been chained there since the sixteenth century, when printing was not in general use, and Bibles were treasures.

The whole village is full of spots of weird interest. In many of the fields there are deep pits, serving as watering places for the cattle, and on dark nights almost all of these have taken their toll of human life. And the people tell you that the ghosts of these poor wretches haunt the pits. Of course, we modern people are not so superstitious, but if you have had occasion to pass such a pit on a night of howling wind and pouring rain you feel your blood run cold and your hair rise and you forget that you don't believe in ghosts.

On Pilling bridge, there is a single, peculiar, hoof-print, which, so one old legend says, was made by Satan on a visit to the earth. On Cocker bridge, five miles away, there is a similar print and Satan is supposed to have covered the distance between the two in a single stride.

From the old "Hall Farm" there is an underground passage which leads to Cocker Sand Abbey, about five miles away. It was used by the monks, hundred of years ago, in times of danger, and though it is now blocked by fallen earth, it can still be traced.

One of the most charming spots is the rose garden, at the vicarage. From the old-fashioned garden, with its trellised rambles and many

rare rose bushes, a quaint iron stile leads to a shady walk on the bank of a brook. Here in the sunny nooks the first white crocuses of spring peep shyly out, and the yellowest primroses blow every year.

Time drifts by in that little village. The tides ebb and flow year in and year out, over the golden sands, and the shadow creeps over the sundial, but the noise and bustle of the great cities only a few miles distant, have scarcely disturbed its peaceful life. It is the dreamer's paradise, the artist's delight, and above all, it is a haven of rest and peace, the dearest spot in all dear Windmill Land.

“ALL UNDER THE SUN BELONGS TO MAN,
ALL UNDER THE MOON TO THE FAIRIES—OH!”

BY HELEN MUSSON, FORM V.

Jerome belonged to the fairies. It was his mother's fault. Once before Jerome was born she had allowed herself to fall asleep in the moonlight. And so they stole Jerome away from her, and she, poor lady, could never understand it for she was too old.

You knew it when you looked at him. He seemed a part of the grey deserted garden and the still, dusty corridors of the Great House. And if you were “that sort of person” you would expect to find him loitering in the dim corners or slipping between the grey tree trunks in the garden. But, if you were too old to understand, you would be startled by his shadowy little form and the vague elusive light in his eyes.

He was just a pale, wispy little boy in the sunlight, but then he did not belong to the sunlight. He was a fairy child, and in the moonlight he changed to a silver wraith, for in the garden was magic where the grasses whispered of fairy revelries and the crickets, the dear mad crickets, piped till he needs must dance a queer half-mad dance to the tune. And he would sing a wild little song to the cold marble faun in the fountain.

Sometimes the fairies would play with their foster child, and then there were ecstatic moments when they whirled around in the fairy-dance, and the forgotten corners of the Great House echoed with the trip of fairy feet and rippled with fairy laughter. They showed him their secrets and then he knew what the mice were whispering in the panelling and the owl's soft hoot became great with portent. And Jerome was very happy—happy as he had never been in the queer lost world of the mortals.

But one night there was no moon. Strange enchantments were in the air, so he was not a fairy nor a mortal, but just a “betwixt and between”. And so from his musty corridors, lonely now with the garden strangely changed where the marble faun was chill and not listening to his song, he strayed, a little lost soul. He paused at the door of the Great Hall, but human beings were there, round the fire. A strange force held him away from them; they were so great and omnipotent and he had lost his fairies!

Behind the panelling a mouse was whispering, and that held for him some grain of comfort, but now the mouse stopped whispering and

went away. It was so quiet you could almost hear the black shadows leap and splash across the floor. He caught his breath in a sob. The world that was so full for a fairy child can be terribly empty for a "betwixt and between."

The dancing shadows were hushed, and the still figures loomed blacker in the dying glow—so black that they seemed evil—these mortals in a world so strange and distant, never to be understood, and now he had no fairies to stay him, and suddenly he found himself in the great black void between fairyland and mortals. The black figures loomed greater and more terrible, and he shrieked in terror till they carried him away still shuddering and screaming.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER, NIGHT IS DRAWING NIGH

BY BETTY SUTHERLAND, FORM V.

Supper over, I grabbed the latest "Post", a lazy-back, paddle and cushions, and made for the boat-house. Just in time, I shoved off from the dock, and waved a mocking hand at Peter, who had as he thought, slipped away in time to get the canoe for himself.

He turned around, and stamped back to the cottage. I paddled out a piece, and then arranged my cushions and myself comfortably and began to read.

Presently I grew tired of reading and just lay there staring up at the blue sky with its fleecy clouds, which were beginning to be tinged with pink by the setting sun. As I watched, they took form. The great Armada appeared, brave in blues and golds, with pennants flying. You could almost see the rhythmic movement of the oars. I heard the distant thrumming of an ukelele, and instantly the clouds formed into rows of bowing ladies in crinolines and high-piled hair and satin suited gentlemen bowing to right then to left in the stately steps of the minuet; and as they bobbed and swayed they were turned by magic into a vast army of crusaders, riding along on milk-white horses, their spears gold-tipped, reaching up, up into the sky, their banners flapping lazily in the breeze.

After the crusading host had passed an ancient castle appeared, all walls and towers and chimneys with turrets dark grey, grim and forbidding against the evening sky. The drawbridge was up and you could imagine the clanking of armoured feet in the hidden court yards.

The sun, how beautiful it was, a ball of rosy glowing gold, slowly slipping down onto a golden platter; but as I watched it slipped over the edge of the platter, and dropped slowly into space. The sky was like a dream, soft and indistinct, yet making a living, unforgettable picture on the mind. It shaded from gold, where the sun had vanished into every shade of rose and pink and mauve, till it became lost in a blurry grey haze, only to find itself again on the other horizon.

Presently a star shone out, making all the sky seem dull, till at last the colours faded into a sombre blue, spangled with fast appearing stars. On shore, lights began to glimmer one by one, and over the water the cry of the loon sounded wierdly.

A mist rose from the lake in pale transparent wisps, and I paddled slowly in, right in the path of the big orange moon which was scrambling up over the tree-tops.

AN EVENT AT THE EXHIBITION

BY KENNETH JOHNSTONE, FORM V.

I have known many disappointments in my short life, and many curious happenings. Chief among the disappointments I rank the discovery that there is no Santa Claus, and chief among the curious events, an occurrence at the Canadian National Exhibition on that day when the Prince of Wales and Stanley Baldwin were to be present in commemoration of Canada's sixtieth year of Confederation.

I was sitting on the steps, in the shade of the Art Building, leaning back, and fondly dreaming of the time when State Socialism should be a realized thing; when even the amusements at the Exhibition would be in the hands of the people, and a taxpayer in good standing (or his son) might ride on the Flyer free of charge.

I was, as I say, engaged in such fanciful dreams when gradually I became aware of a thickening mist in front of me, a mist that slowly took form before my astounded eyes. Could I trust my eyesight? Here, not three feet from me, formed from the mist, haze, or whatever it was, two people were revealed. One I could see was a man, dressed in the style of a bygone age, and the other person was a lady of the same period. As their features became more distinct, something familiar about the feminine face struck me. Surely it could not be—yes it was! From a portrait I had seen, I recognized her—Elizabeth Tudor—Queen of the English! And her companion? Who else than Sir Walter Raleigh, her brilliant and diplomatic courtier.

The Queen favoured me with a chilly gaze. Then she spoke:

"To your feet, you lazy varlet! Don't sit there gawking. We deign to favour your city with a visit. At least show us some of the buildings. This is the Art Gallery? Let us proceed within."

I arose, stuttering to myself, yet obeying that commanding voice, and flashing gaze. We entered the Art Building.

The Queen studied the pictures in silence. Then she questioned me.

"Blockhead, are any of these Canadian?"

I, not accustomed to Elizabeth's peculiar terms of address, was somewhat hurt at this uncalled for epithet, but hastened nevertheless to point out some well-known Canadian landscapes.

The first canvas we noted was "Winter Road, Quebec," by A. Y. Jackson.

"A dreary place in winter, this Canada," remarked Elizabeth as she gazed at the picture.

"That is Quebec, madame. Here is an Ontario scene," I put in, anxious to dissipate any unfavourable impression. I indicated another painting; Lismer's "September Gale".

"A bold sketch, certainly," exclaimed Elizabeth. "Then your country is really quite wild?"

"That is the North country, madame," I explained.

"A man needs must be a barbarian to paint such a savage scene," she concluded moving away.

We examined the pictures for a time in silence, then I heard a

low ejaculation from Raleigh. I turned. He had paused before a picture, an expression of admiration and even awe upon his face. I looked at the scene. It was Thomson's "West Wind."

Raleigh stood there, silent. Elizabeth also seemed quite entranced. For a long time they remained thus. Then Elizabeth turned away. I heard her whisper, "A dreary country and a wild one, but 'pon my soul, a wonderful one."

She seemed to lose all further interest in the display and insisted that we depart at once. Outside, she demanded arrogantly that I conduct them about the grounds. Not daring to disobey I was forced to set off at the head of our little party. Weary, with leaden feet, I conducted them about. Elizabeth on the contrary was quite gay; at each new feature she cried out in delight.

"Marvellous! Raleigh, Marvellous! And for a country so recently a wilderness! Why I do not doubt they stand nearly on equal terms with their mother country."

The Electric display took her interest. She marvelled at the many applications of this strange power. I seized the opportunity to explain the provincial Hydro-Electric system. She was greatly interested in the project, even declaring that it was a pity it had not become more wide-spread.

"In regard to this Jubilee," said Elizabeth suddenly, "I note that it is your sixtieth anniversary of Confederation. That is indeed commendable, I must confess. The country no doubt occupies an important place in this new era."

Our civilization took a tumble in her estimation shortly after, unfortunately.

"S' Death!" exclaimed the Queen, seeing an approaching group of girls. "Yon wenches are most shamefully clad. I wonder your mayor allows such indecency?"

I hastened to the defence of the modern lass, explaining that the girls in question were clad as science and fashion demand, "Healthily and briefly!"

"Enough!" cried the Queen. "It is plain to us that our colonies are only half-civilized. Let us hope that the situation may be remedied. Did you ever see such exposure, Raleigh?"

We went on, then, "The Palace?" queried Elizabeth, "Where is the palace?"

I confessed my ignorance. Enraged, Elizabeth shouted, "Fool! Imbecile! Where the Prince is to speak! The Palace!"

"But he isn't speaking in a palace, your Majesty."

"Dare you tell us we lie? Take us there at once, and a plague upon your disputing."

I was silenced, and sulkily led the way to where the Prince and Stanley Baldwin were to speak. I paused at the foot of the platform. Elizabeth mounted, followed by Raleigh. From the rear I noticed again the peculiar haze surrounding the pair. Elizabeth seated herself on a chair and Raleigh stood at her elbow, conversing in a low tone. The mist hung over the chairs and most of the platform. I passed over this phenomenon and hurried up on noticing the Queen

looking about impatiently. I forestalled her question by supplying the information that the illustrious pair were not yet due for another hour. Elizabeth resigned herself to the wait, amusing herself by commenting upon the crowd that had already assembled.

At her scathing remarks upon the long trousers of the males, I edged behind the cover of a chair and gazed quietly at my nether limbs, encased in the offending garments.

An hour passed in this manner, and the crowd grew steadily. Suddenly there arose a great clamour and shouting as a car entered at the main gate. Elizabeth forgot herself to the extent of craning her neck.

"It's the Prince," I informed her.

At this intelligence, she resumed her seat and watched the approach of the big car through the crowd. The noisy demonstration of the people brought an indulgent smile to her face.

"Times have not changed, Raleigh. It would even appear that we are more appreciated now," she commented. "And that horseless carriage puts our own equipage to shame. How evenly it moves!"

However as the Prince mounted the platform, followed by Stanley Baldwin, her face assumed an expression of severity. But it was not until the delinquents entered the mist that they were aware of her presence.

The Prince stopped short. Mr. Baldwin bumped against him, gazed past, and he began to feel mechanically in his pockets for some object.

"Oh, I say," began the Prince, confusedly. "Is this a prank or something?"

"A prank!" exclaimed Elizabeth heatedly. "Attending your coming one full hour! Young man, I have never yet been compelled to wait that length of time for any living mortal, and were it not such an auspicious occasion I would have long since departed to the spirit world from whence I came this morning."

The Prince turned to Baldwin, who having found his pipe, was engaged in filling it with tobacco. Nudged by the Prince he put it away hurriedly. But he volunteered no help. Gaining no information from the minister's blank look, the Prince, rather embarrassed, attempted to smooth over the difficulty.

"But, really madame, I didn't know you would be here, or assuredly—"

I could see Baldwin staring off to the side and knowing something about Elizabeth's disposition, I attempted by signs behind her back to warn him. Unfortunately, the Prince smiled, and Elizabeth turned, sceptre in hand. With a terrific thwack she brought it down upon my head.

I jumped in the air, opened my eyes and found myself on the steps of the Art Building, brought back with the aid of a folded newspaper in the hands of a school chum, who had discovered me there asleep.

I am still wondering what happened to the Prince.

"IF I WERE RICH"

BY NAN MATTHEWS, FORM IVA.

"You know, Eve," said Adam meditatively, "If I were only rich——" And that is how it all began. Through the centuries it is easy to imagine this wish has been handed down from generation to generation, and to-day it still comes from the lips of men. Perhaps it slips more frequently from our tongues because of the numerous avenues open for wealth.

"If I were only rich," says the Poor Man, "my family would have a chance. My children would be educated, and my wife would be free from worry of poverty."

"If wealth were mine," asserts the scientist, "it would be to the advancement of science—seemingly inexplicable mysteries would be brought to light, and the world would be the gainer."

"Give me riches," puts forth the socialist, "And they shall be divided equally among those who have little."

"Could I amass a fortune," speculates the Man of Letters, "It would be spent in travel. My eyes would take in the beauties and the wonders of the universe. The inspirations of great men would be my inspirations. I would live a life of freedom and meditation."

"Gee whiz!—If I had a million!" cries the school boy. "You wouldn't catch me at this old grind. I'd be doing something worth while."

"If I could only get hold of some riches," contemplates the Engineer, "the world would marvel at my works."

"Put fortune into my hands," exclaims the Doctor, "And I will fight pain and blot out disease."

"Give me wealth," declares the Pacifist, "And it would go toward conquering the destroying forces of war."

"Were I to possess wealth," meditates the Missionary, "Those in the darkest parts of the universe would receive light."

"Humph," says our Mutual Friend the Tramp, "If I only had my hands on some of this wealth a few of these very uncomplimentary people would realize that I'm not such a fool."

"Did I possess that symbol of worldly gain," muses the Poet, "Mankind would be lifted above the sphere of the mediocre."

"If I only had the necessary cash," laments the Labourer, "I would educate myself, and show that I too could live by power of my brain as well as my brawn."

"Could I be the possessor of worldly goods," claims the Painter, "The expression of my art would go freely to the people that they too might catch a glimpse of the beautiful."

"And were I the owner of money," maintains the Physicist, "My knowledge would be utilized for the convenience and well-being of humanity."

* * * *

"If I were only poor," says the Rich man's son, "I'd show the world what I can do!"

BANQUO AND MACDUFF EXPOSE MACBETH

BY HENRY ROWLAND, FORM IVA.

The wind howled through the branches. An owl shrieked horribly in a tree close to a mass of rocks. Against the face of the rocks a strange light flickered and shone. Approaching nearer one could have seen it was the mouth of a small cavern inside of which a fire sputtered and wavered under a great cauldron around which there were three witches grouped, staring fixedly into it. Suddenly they drew back grinning evilly.

"It is done," said one.

"His fate will be the fate of those who grow overbold with Graymalkin's keepers," cackled another.

"Macduff will be o'er shrewd and Banquo no fool," prophesied the third.

Then they all stirred the pot slowly with their crooked sticks and chanted, "Come, Macduff, show your stuff."

Their voices echoed eerily throughout the cavern. The fire faded slowly out. There was a faint rustling and then complete silence. Outside a sudden flash of lightning illuminated one of the castle's towers.

Morning's first light appeared, a gray pallor spreading over the low-hanging clouds in the east. In the castle, everybody was bustling around to prepare for the coming day. In the great kitchen the cooks and their helpers were busy, hurrying to and fro to prepare dishes fit for the king.

"The good king Duncan shall dine well, by my broth," vowed one jolly epicure, stirring the contents of a large kettle and chuckling at his own wit.

"Aye," grunted another, apparently less cheery, "That may be but I have ne'er experienced such devilish dreams as I did last night. Mayhap it was the wine the server gave me to test, yet I had no ache. When I arose to walk in order to rid myself of these fancies, methought I saw Macbeth standing in the hall-way, staring like a madman, dagger in hand, before Duncan's room. I thought the evil ones did conjure up dreams for me even while awake. I did run with haste to my straw, I tell you."

"In truth" agreed a hostler standing nearby, "the horses felt last night's impish moods. Duncan's famed white stallions did break down their stalls and race about the courtyard as they would shake off some horrible dream e'en as you, Campbell."

"Have milords yet stirred?" asked a scullion boy, entering the kitchen. Before anyone could answer a great commotion was heard coming from the direction of the castle bedrooms. A servant rushed in and shouted hoarsely, "The King has been murdered."

"What!" shouted the occupants of the room, staring stupified at each other.

"Macduff and Lord Banquo already suspect MacBeth," rambled on the speaker, "I overheard them as I passed by."

"Duncan, the good and kind," put in a cook.

Even the light-hearted McLean was dumb with amazement and sorrow. At length he said, "Methinks there was no fancy in your 'devil's dream' of last night, Campbell."

"The wily shrew, our Lady Macbeth, had her finger in the pie, too," spoke up one.

"Alack, alack!" cried an hysterical servant-woman running in, "Lady Macbeth hath fainted—King Duncan murdered!"—then coming back from her raving, "Banquo and Macduff quarrel bitterly with our Lord Macbeth. Macbeth killed one guardsman and was about to kill another when Macduff interfered—O woe is me!"

Shifting the scenes, we find Macduff and Banquo confronting Macbeth.

"Not satisfied with one murder, thou would'st commit two, dog!" Banquo shouted, eyes flashing.

"What darrest—" started Macbeth whitening.

"Aye dare! Stab-in-the-back," interposed Banquo fearlessly.

"You shall be brought to account for this," scowled Macduff. "Donaldbain and Malcolm are already fled, fearing the hospitality of such a host!"

Macbeth glared madly. Snatching a sword from the wall behind him, he felled Macduff with one stroke. Banquo immediately on guard, slashed a blow at Macbeth only to have it parried with lightning-like quickness. And so the two greatest fighters in Scotland fought, evenly matched, but one with the fury of a madman, the other with the fierce indignation at the blot which Macbeth had placed on Scotland's fair name.

While this fierce combat was being waged Fleance was galloping merrily up to the castle's gates. He had come to visit his father and hoped to speak with the great King Duncan of whom he had heard much. He rode under the drawn portcullis; dismounted in the courtyard. A servant came running across the yard with feverish haste.

"Oh, Sir Fleance!" he gasped, "Your father and Macbeth, they duel to the death o'er Duncan's murder!"

Fleance was stunned with the news of Duncan's murder, and he thought that his father's life was in danger. He felt bewildered, but not for long.

"Quickly!" he cried running, "Where do they fight?"

On arriving in the hall he heard the clash of steel echoing up and down the corridors. He perceived his father with a broken sword in his hand struck down. With a roar of rage he leaped towards Macbeth. Before Fleance's fierce onslaught Macbeth was for the time taken at a disadvantage. Soon recovering, however, he proved more than a match for the youthful and inexperienced Fleance.

By this time all the men servants had assembled at the different doorways, watching the terrific struggle with that fascination for combat that is every man's heritage. Yet they were afraid of the maddened Macbeth, and did not understand the situation. Only one it seems did truly comprehend the lay of the land, as it were. It was the cook, McLean, who left the room, seeing Fleance was getting the worst of it.

Swinging a great iron kettle he returned just as Macbeth had Fleance backed against the wall. Stealing up behind Macbeth he swung the gigantic pot around in a circle and with a tremendous crash brought it down on Macbeth's head. Macbeth fell stone dead to the floor, killed by a cook with an iron kettle. Surely an ignominious ending for such a great warrior.

Fleance stood bewildered, the blood from a gash running down his face and then he fell into a swoon.

Some time later Macduff and Fleance convalescing were reviewing the events of the past month while basking in the sun on a turret of Macduff's castle.

"Forsooth, things bad begun make strong themselves by ill," meditated Fleance.

"Aye," replied his companion, "And it was a terrible beginning. What with thy father dead, Lady Macbeth a suicide, Macbeth himself killed, one guardsman murdered, it was bad begun. Yet thou art king."

"But what hath become of Malcolm and Donaldbain? Methinks it was a queer proceeding for the Council to place me king."

"They were too cowardly. They fled to France where 'tis said they live a wild live in the comfort of the court there. The Council decreed that they should have stayed to prosecute their father's murderer in some such way as thou did, my Fleance."

Fleance was silent. Suddenly he chuckled, "Well, my first act of office will be, methinks, to knight our sturdy cook, McLean. 'Twas he who saved Scotland, with his kettle."

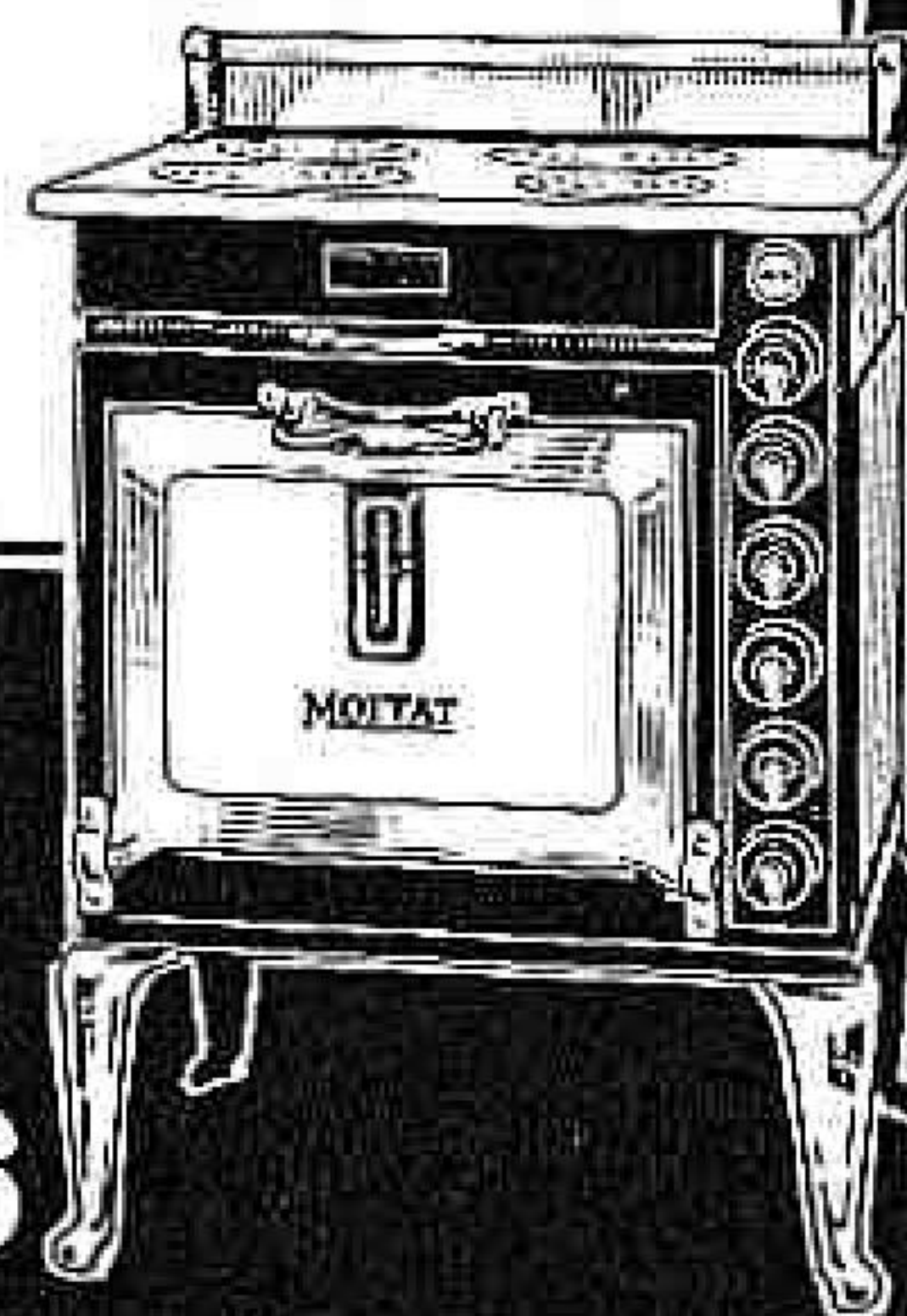


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ON THE BEAUTY OF SIMPLE THINGS

Ode XXXVIII, Book I.

BY NORMAN KNIGHT, FORM V.

Boy, this Persian pomp I hate,
 Linden bark crowns please me not;
 And the rose that lingers late
 Nowhere should by thee be sought.

To plain myrtle thou shouldst add
 Naught by toiling, I opine;
 It becomes thee, servant lad,
 As me, drinking 'neath the vine.

A LOVERS' QUARREL

Ode IX, Book III.

BY KENNETH JOHNSTONE, FORM V.

Young Man—

When I alone was in your heart,
 When no one else his arms did fling,
 About your neck, I would not part
 My place for that of Persian King.

Lydia—

When love of yours for me did burn,
 And Chloe did not fill my place,
 I, Lydia, Ilia's place would spurn,
 As mother of the Roman race.

Young Man—

Chloe of Thrace, my love I give,
 Her lyre, her singing, please my ear,
 Were I assured that she should live
 Then death for me could hold no fear.

Lydia—

Calais, son of Ornythus,
 Inflames me with a mutual blaze,
 Twice given life I'd never miss,
 Would Fates prolong my loved-one's days.

Young Man—

But should our love return again,
 A love that binds with bonds of brass,
 And should I Chloe fair disdain,
 Then may I through thy doorway pass?

Lydia—

Though, that man's beauty dims the stars,
 And fickle you more passioned be,
 Than Adria that tempest mars,
 I'd love to live and die with thee.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S LAMENT

BY HARRY WRIGHT, FORM V.

Tired of school, tired of school,
Tired of pencil, rubber and rule,
Tired of French, tired of Trig,
Boy, when I'm finished, I'll dance a jig.

They tell me schooldays are the best,
Well, when your lessons are done, yes;
But if your homework you fail to do,
Each lesson lost on exam. you'll rue.

Algebra, Trig and 'rithmetic,
All mathematics make me sick;
French, Mechanics and Literature,
Will send me crazy some day, I'm sure.

You and a teacher don't agree,
You pinched your chum, he shouted, oh, gee!
Out you go and down to the boss,
Who says that you're a total loss.

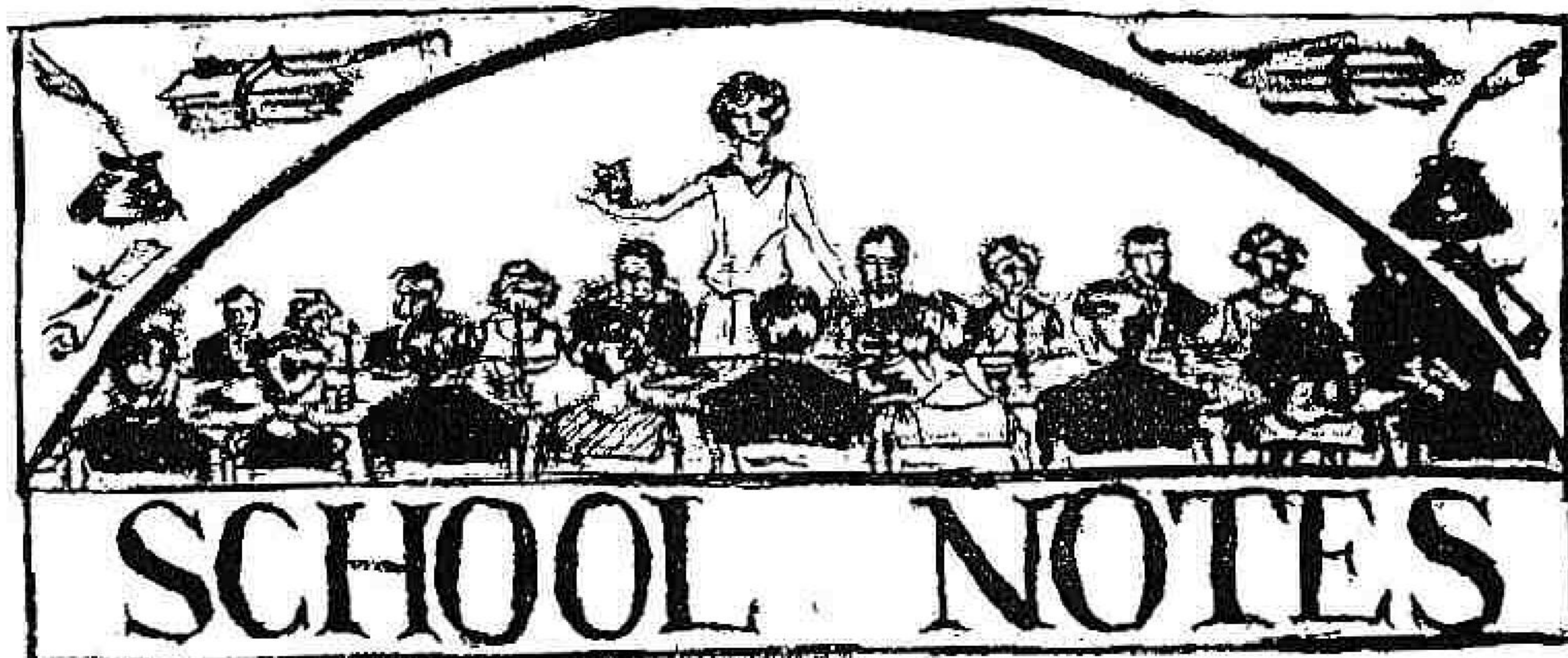
Then an exam. you fail to pass;
"You didn't pay any attention in class,
You'd better get down to work squire,
Or you'll be left down in the mire."

Yes, in April and in May,
I'd rather go out and play,
Than sit in a stuffy room and dream
Of holidays beside the stream.

Round about the end of June,
Examinations coming soon;
You open a book, utter a sigh,
Then you begin to wonder why.

Wonder why exams. were invented,
Inventor must have been demented;
Wonder how you'll ever pass,
Wish that you'd attended class.

And after you have heard the results,
Whether good or bad don't get the pouts,
But smile as to yourself you say:
"I'll do better another day."



SCHOLARSHIPS

The second Carter Scholarship for York County came in 1926 to the Weston High School. Leonard Meyer won this distinction for us by obtaining seven First Class Honours and three Seconds on his Senior Matriculation examination. He is now attending the School of Practical Science in Toronto.

Annual Scholarships to the value of fifty dollars are offered to Matriculation pupils in our school. Dr. Wilson, a graduate of the Weston High School and afterwards a resident of Toronto, left a thousand dollars in trust for this purpose. First and Second Prizes are offered to each of the Third and Fourth years. The winners in 1926 were, for the Third Year, Betty Burton and Jean Campbell, and for the Fourth Year, Norman Knight and Dorothy Coulter. It is noteworthy that Norman Knight had won the First prize also in his Third Year.

HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY SOCIETY

The first meeting of the High School Literary Society was held in December. The programme of this and the succeeding meetings was of a varied and very interesting character. The literary side of our school life was not the only factor in the meetings. The athletic and musical sides were also represented on each programme. The humour was supplied by several short plays and comedies presented by the pupils.

One entire meeting was given over to a three-act play entitled, "Happy-Go-Lucky." It was put on by the girls of 4B and set forth the trials—and the happy ending—of Tilley Welwyn's romance. The fine school spirit of the pupils was shown to great advantage at the impromptu meeting which was held on the last school day of December. The programme which was drawn up within an hour was so lengthy that it had to be cut almost in half. Even then it occupied a whole morning. Both societies were present at this meeting.

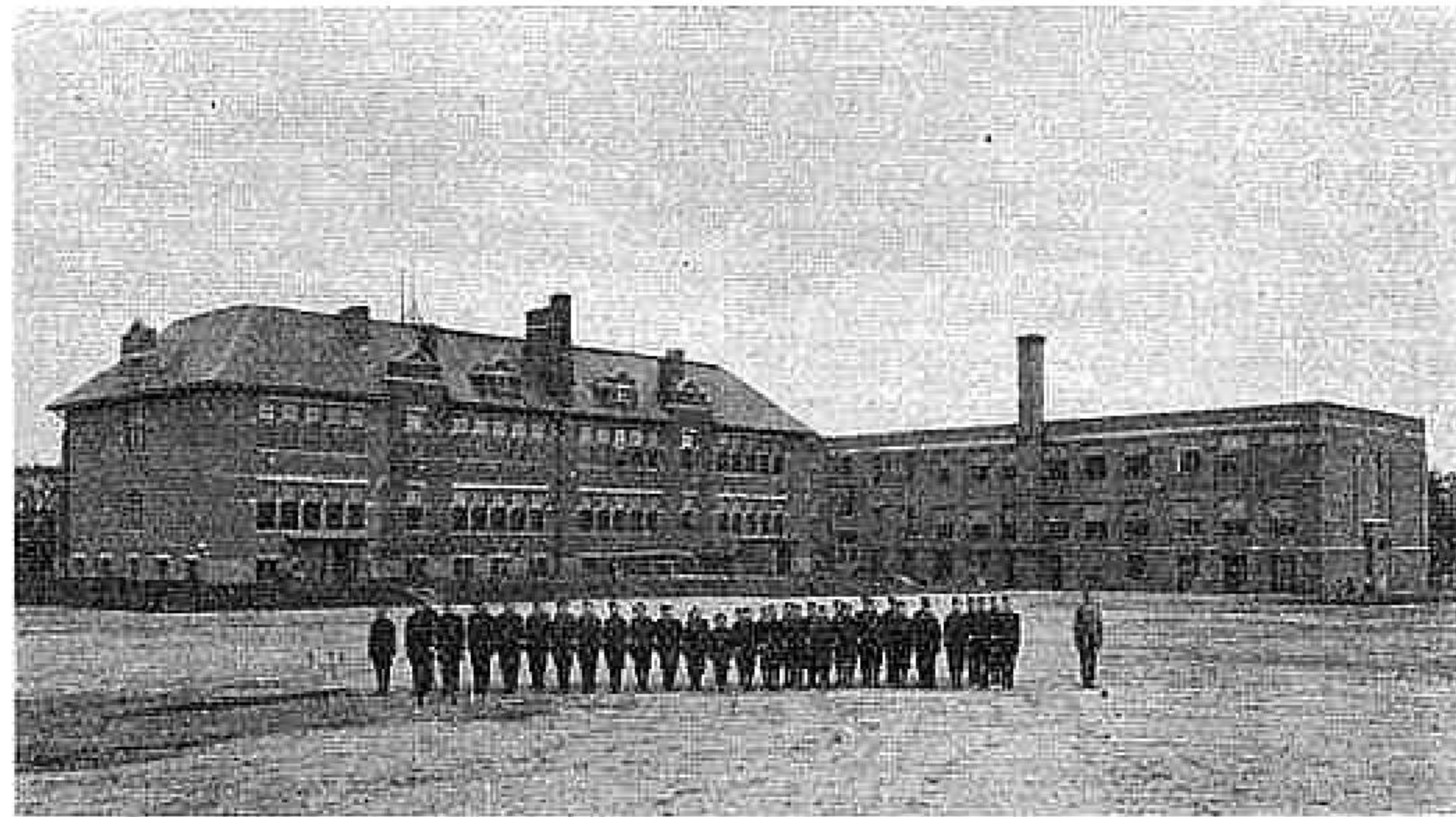
The last meeting of the year took the form of a Senior Oratorical

Contest in which many pupils participated. The winners were Carmen Inch and Mae Dempster, who have yet to receive the medals which are being presented by the society.

The officers for this year are:—

President—LLOYD McMANUS
1st Vice-President—JOHN COOPER
2nd Vice-President—OLIVE HERON
Secretary—CHARLOTTE CHAPMAN
Editors—HELEN MUSSON
BETTY SUTHERLAND
KENNETH JOHNSTONE

THE CADETS



Due to the activities of Mr. Conn the school last year had an efficient cadet corp. Uniforms and rifles were obtained and ranges were set up for target practice. Working with a group of novices Mr. Conn produced remarkable results. At the beginning of the year, the task looked hopeless but patience and untiring effort were ultimately rewarded. The boys now know the difference between right wheel and slope arms.

The cadets were neglected for awhile after Mr. Conn's departure but activities are now under way and it is expected that the second year will bring as good results as the first.

PEG O' MY HEART

A very successful play was presented on December 16th and 17th, by the pupils of Weston High and Vocational Schools.

A great deal of time and energy was expended by both teachers and pupils in the production but the results were thoroughly gratifying.

The part of "Peg" was charmingly interpreted by Mae Dempster, whose debut on the stage was a triumph. She was ably supported

by John MacCallum, who in the part of loveable "Jerry", proved a model hero. Kenneth Johnstone as "Alaric", was in his element, and all the other parts were played exceedingly well and suffered nothing by comparison. Marie Allen as the haughty "Mrs. Chichester"; Eleanor Morrison as "Ethel"; John Cooper as "Mr. Brent"; John Lawrence as "Jarvis" the butler; Amy Banks as "Bennet"; Kenneth Phillips as "Mr. Hawkes"; not forgetting Mr. Jeffrey's wire-haired terrier "Chum", who starred in the part of "Michael".

Great credit is due to Willis Moogk and Gordon Forbes who acted as stage managers.

The teachers who assisted in the directing the play were: Misses Graeb, Eckhardt, Coventry, Tapscott and Mott.

On the whole this play proved to be one of the most popular ever produced here and we only hope that in future we may be able to live up to the standard these gifted students have set for us.

ORCHESTRA

Bigger and better, year by year, for three years, our orchestra has developed from the experimental stage to a necessary part of our school curriculum.

Every Thursday after school, in preparation for the opening exercises of Friday mornings, practice is held.

It has been said that "music soothes the savage breast", this is a phrase applicable as well to modern times. The dreamy waltz, the stately minuet, the stirring march, the modern jazz, each has its influence on our different temperaments. The solemn sacred music, the majestic overture from an old master, are relished and enjoyed by all members of our school. The influence of good music has a lasting effect, and it behooves us to keep our orchestra up to a high pitch.

At the commencement, our orchestra delighted the audience with selections of many kinds.

They were also present at the play, "Peg o' My Heart", and between acts helped greatly by rendering timely music to an appreciative audience.

At all our Literary meetings we eagerly look forward to the appearance of our orchestra, and by the looks on the faces of the pupils it may be truly said that "Every picture tells a story."

The present orchestra reflects great credit on Mr. Orr's leadership and all we now lack is numbers. Therefore, those who can play a musical instrument will help themselves and their school by joining the orchestra.

Mr. Orr can generally be found in the drafting room and would be glad to interview prospective members.

The present members of our orchestra are:—

With Violins: Roberta Emberson, Doris Markwick, Florence Chapman, May Gilbert, Tom Russell, Joe Maxwell, Bill Campbell, Arthur Leitch.

With Cornets: Fred L. Sainsbury, Fred Shorney.

With Alto Horn: Lloyd Sainsbury.

With Trombone: George Seythes.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

This year's Assault-at-Arms, the first of its kind, was a decided success as far as the performance was concerned, although the financial returns were rather disappointing. The excellence of the programme was a tribute not only to the ability of the performers, but also to those who had so freely given their time and energy to arranging the programme and training the performers.

Among the latter were Mr. Whidden, who trained the boys in apparatus work; Miss Carrie, who supervised the girls work; Mr. Pearson, who directed the boys in the Pyramids; Mr. Traves who looked after the boxing, and last but not least, Mr. Law organized a little band of Tumblers who caused much merriment throughout the evening.

Perhaps the most interesting number of the programme was the fencing which was secured through the courtesy of the U.T.S. Fencing Team. It proved extremely interesting both from the novelty of the thing and the ability of the performers, and doubly so, through the explanation of one of the instructors.

The Gymnastic performance was also particularly fine. There were three sections, Horse, High Bar, and Parallel Bars. The same boys took part in each, and were judged on their performance as a whole. The winners were Ernie Barrett, Barney Graham, and Donnie MacCallum. Ernie's turns, while not as difficult as some, were faultlessly executed, while his approaches and exits left nothing to be desired. Barney Graham, while really the cleverest of the three "muffed" a little on the high bar, while Donnie, the most powerful of the trio, undoubtedly lost out on account of a slight carelessness in his approaches and exits.

Another "high spot" on the programme was its boxing. The "Rogers-Gagnon" 125-pound match was good. Both boys are light, fast, know some science, and on occasion can stand up and slug. In the first round of the battle, Rogers had a slight advantage, the second was even, while Gagnon tied it up in the third. Going into the extra round Gagnon was a little fresher than his opponent, and was a shade the better. He won the round, but there was very little between the two. They make a great pair.

The open boxing was something of a surprise. Sparling, with his advantages of height and reach was in most quarters conceded a win over Inch, but the "wise guys" evidently overlooked the power in Inch's stocky build and powerful muscles. Half way through the first round, "Red" got his jaw in the way of "Doc's" left, and saw more stars than there are in the universe. He was not fit for much during the next round, but in the third he made a plucky attempt to overcome Inch's lead, but did not succeed in doing any damage, and "Doc" won easily.

The best item that the girls put on was the "Russian Doll Dance", a bizarre affair that terminated the programme. About a dozen girls came out in Russian costume, and to the accompaniment of rather weird music, went through various gyrations that both interested and amused the audience. Altogether it was an interesting and enjoyable evening.

THE HOCKEY AND RUGBY BANQUET

The most outstanding social event of the year was the Banquet tendered by the Fifth Form Students to the members of the Hockey and Rugby teams on the evening of March the twenty-fifth, 1927.

It was the first banquet ever given in the honour of an athletic body in the school and was a tremendous success. It was successful in that the "eats" part of the programme was excellent. Never was such a sumptuous feast prepared for any High School Athletes before, and I think never will be again. Then the toasts which are next in importance after the foodstuffs, were exceptionally good.

Mr. Norman Knight acting as toastmaster proved himself a very efficient one, just showing that he is expert at whatever comes his way.

The toasts of the evening were:—

The King—

Proposed by the Toastmaster.

The School—

Proposed by Miss Charlotte Chapman,
Responded to by Mr. Pearson.

The Rugby Team—

Proposed by Mr. Lloyd McManus,
Responded to by Mr. Warden and Mr. Donald McCallum.

The Hockey Team—

Proposed by Miss Beth Hassard,
Responded to by Mr. Arthur Lotto and Mr. Kenneth Johnstone.

The Ladies—

Proposed by Mr. Traves,
Responded to by Miss Jessie Bull.

Fifth Form—

Proposed by Mr. Law,
Responded to by Mr. Ernest Barrett.

The toasts finished and the table emptied of the last morsel of food, those present were waiting for the toastmaster to announce the next entertainment when someone started collecting autographs of all those present, the idea was taken up by all, and about a half an hour was spent in this manner.

The floor was then cleared of all the tables and chairs and the toastmaster announced dancing as the last item on the programme. The dancing lasted for some forty minutes, which was about all most of us could stand after getting outside of such a bountiful feast.

Everyone went home singing the praise of the Fifth Form and complimenting their genius on having put over such a fine banquet for the athletes of the School.

THE CAFETERIA

No doubt Weston High School has long been lacking an important part of its equipment, but after much consideration and discussion, this, the Cafeteria, has at last come into existence. Nevertheless, it was not long in being organized after the matter was decided, and while most of the pupils were innocent of the fact, some, that is, those in the Vocational School were busy making its equipment in both the woodwork and metal departments.

The way in which our Cafeteria was established is perhaps unusual, though a splendid idea. Shares were sold to the teachers and pupils, the money, with the addition of a grant from the Board and other funds was used to finance this department, consequently a great deal of interest is taken in it by all.

Most of the work, not including the cooking, is done by the teachers and pupils, the idea being to gradually have less done by the teachers and more by the pupils, which is quite fair, as the pupils are the ones who benefit most by this addition.

The Cafeteria is situated in the boys' basement of the High School, a suitable place as it does not interfere with the rest of the school in any way. There are two divisions, one for the girls, the other for the boys. Provision for lunch is certainly a necessity in this school owing to the fact, that a great number of the pupils come from towns other than Weston, and therefore appreciate a hot dinner at noon, instead of cold sandwiches.

As yet, the Cafeteria is still in its infancy, but if the present rate of progress goes on, the time will not be long before the Weston High School will be noted for its splendid Cafeteria.

THIRD FORM BANQUET

On Wednesday, December 15, 1926, the Third Forms of Weston High School tendered a banquet in honour of Major K. B. Conn, teacher of history and physical training, on his departure to take up his new position as secretary of the Alumni Association of the University of Toronto.

Those sitting at the head table were: Toastmaster, Mr. Lloyd Sparling, Mr. Conn, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Law, Mr. Willis Moogk, Miss Graeb, Miss Conover, Miss Tapscott and the committee in charge, Misses Lillian French, Marian Wixon, Ellen Westover, and Mr. Gordon Forbes.

The splendid supper was prepared by the cooking classes of the Vocational School under the supervision of Miss Conover. 2C girls gave their excellent services as waitresses.

The toast to "Our School" was proposed by Miss Marjorie Mather, and responded to by Mr. Pearson in one of his usual witty speeches. Mr. Willis Moogk proposed the toast to "Our Guest", also presenting Mr. Conn with a set of ebony brushes on behalf of the Third Forms. Mr. Conn responded briefly, expressing his appreciation of the gift and of the honour the students had done him in giving him such a splendid farewell banquet.

The toast to "Our Country", was proposed by Mr. Hewson Kellam and responded to by Miss Marjorie Watson. Miss Marion Wixson, in a bright and original way, proposed the toast to "Our Teachers" to which Mr. Jeffery responded.

During the intervals between courses the guests enjoyed a sing-song by candle-light, the accompaniment being played by Mr. Orr.

The banquet as a whole was considered one of the most artistically planned and most delightfully executed functions ever enjoyed in the History of the Weston High School.

INITIATION

This time-honoured, annual ceremony takes place at noon on a suitable day in the latter part of September.

It is the only instance when First Form students are considered of any use or importance. The only time when they occupy briefly the centre of the stage. On their head rests the success of the undertaking.

Groups of Third and Fourth Form students search diligently every corner and nook of the school, greet the First-Formers returning from lunch, scour the furnace-room, look in boxes, behind doors, in fact examine every conceivable spot where their prey may be hidden.

A sudden scurry, shouts of warning, then a struggle, mark the capture of a victim and he is led off to execution.

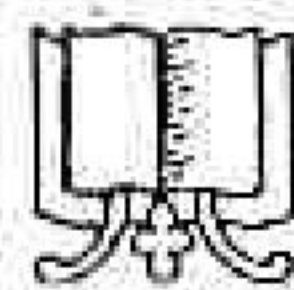
Occasionally Fifth-Formers take a hand in the affair, but that is only when the subject is a newcomer in the upper forms.

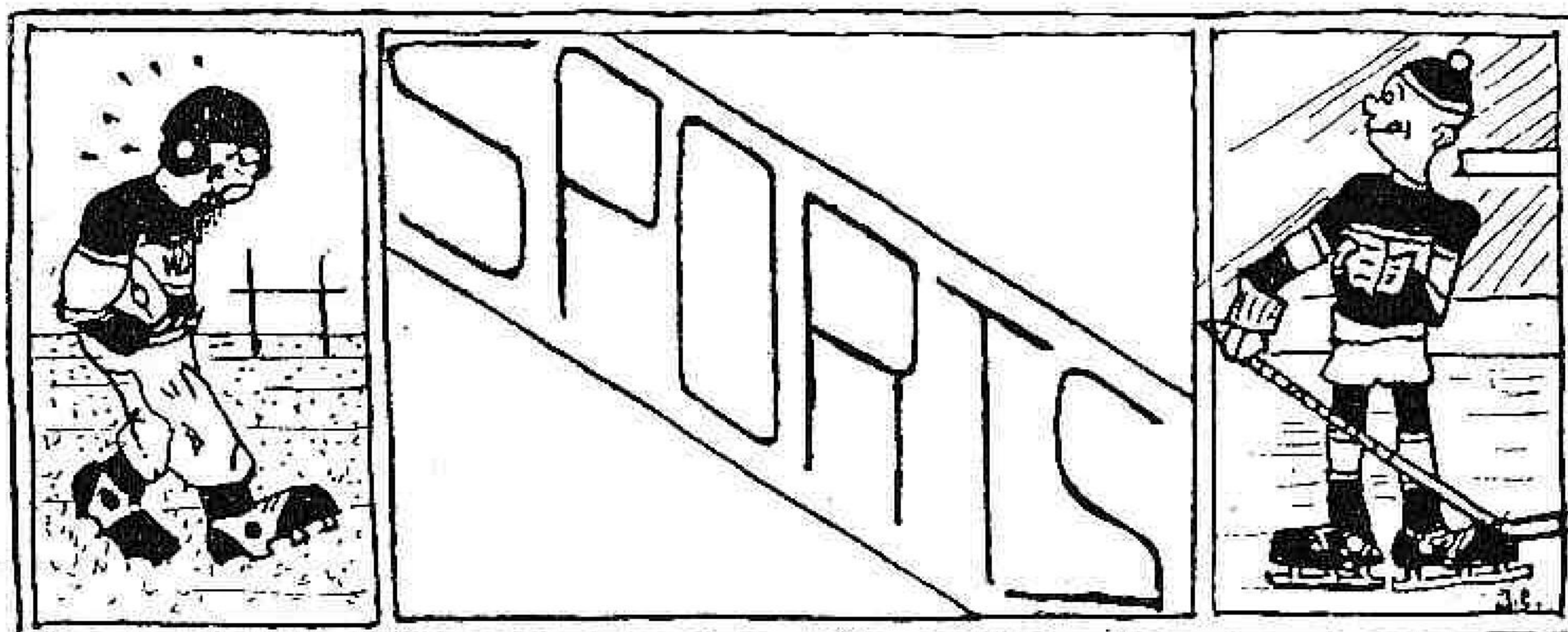
The captured are led up to two constantly refilled buckets of water, are inverted and immersed. Each is the recipient of a chalk mark on his person, certifying his initiation. Emerging from the ordeal, he usually shakes his head violently, endeavouring to scatter moisture to the best advantage among his persecutors.

Sometimes the seized puts up a stubborn battle and in this case, slats are resorted to in order to impress obedience, but such instances are not very frequent.

The feminine portion of the lower school usually stands by to witness the ceremony, giving vent to sundry squeals and giggles.

So—my children—are the students initiated at Weston High School.





BASEBALL—SUMMER 1926

The School Softball League concluded a successful season with Second Form winning the Junior series and Fourth Champions in the Senior.

In the play-off, Fourth won, as was expected. Tapscott's pitching featured.

After the holidays, an all-star (so-called) team entered the tournament at the Woodbridge Fair. The pitching of Edgar Love, for Woodbridge, a former student, held the boys helpless and at the end of the seventh inning the score stood 25 to 1.

Line-up omitted by request.

RUGBY 1926

Weston concluded a successful year in Rugby when the boys emerged winners of the League for the third consecutive year. The trophy now has a permanent home.

WESTON, 11—RIVERDALE, 10

The season was opened with an exhibition game at Riverdale Collegiate, where our gladiators came from behind to win 11—10.

The game was played on rather slippery footing, and for a while things looked bad for the boys. But the old never-say-die spirit asserted itself, and although the score at half-time was 10-0 in favour of Riverdale, the last half was all Weston, as the final score indicates.

WESTON, 7—BRAMPTON, 2.

In the first league fixture, Weston managed to register another victory at the expense of Brampton High School. Due to some protest over officials, it was agreed to play the game over again at a later date.

WESTON, 10—RIVERDALE, 5.

Weston again triumphed over Riverdale Collegiate in a hard-fought battle. The prevailing good feeling was a pleasing feature of the game. The team worked better together than it had in the two previous games.

WESTON, 15—SCARBORO, 4.

Playing their second league game at home, Weston took Scarboro into camp to the tune of 15-4. The score does not indicate the close-

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ness of the struggle as Scarboro put up a game battle. Lack of the essential team-play was responsible for their downfall.

BRAMPTON, 8—WESTON, 0.

Misfortune fell upon the team in their next scheduled game. Roselea—the scene of the Weston Senior Lacrosse team's downfall—saw our Rugby hopefuls bite the dust, or mud as it happened to be.

In the slippery going, our light line could do little to hold the plunging of the heavy Brampton middles, whereas the open play—a characteristic of the local team—had little effect in the treacherous footing. Not a point could be garnered.

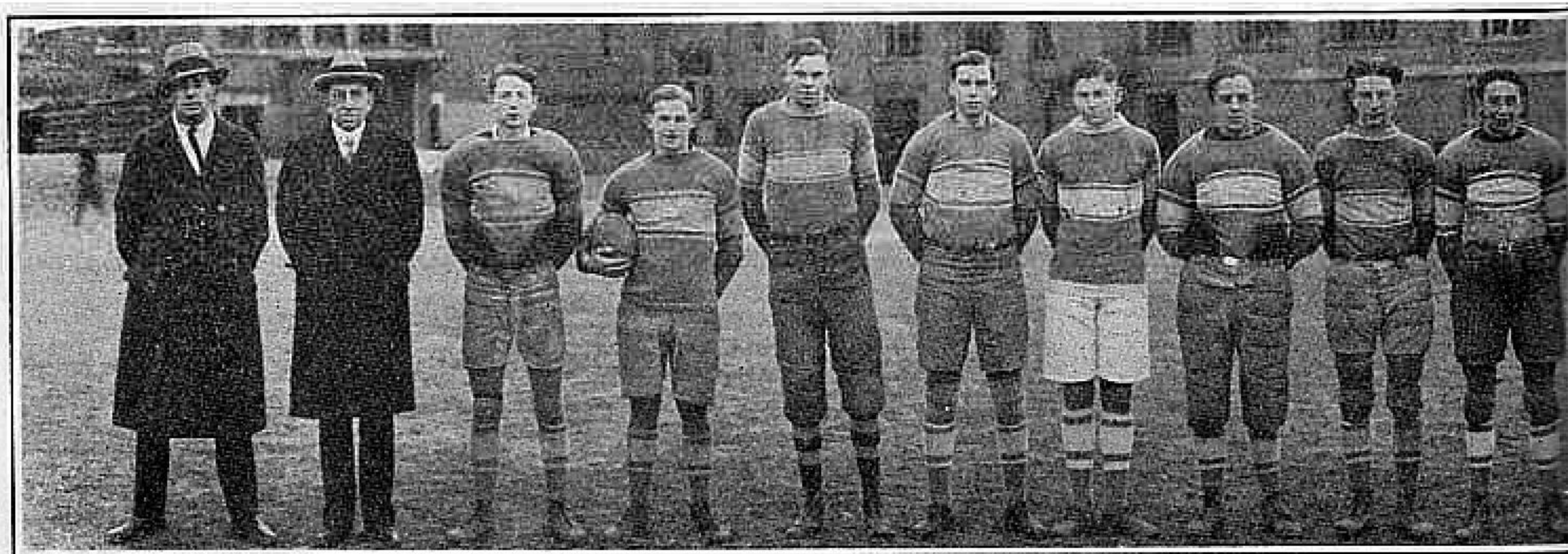
WESTON, 3—SCARBORO, 0.

What a game was there, my countrymen!

It was at Scarboro that, through a steady downpour, one of the hardest struggles of the season was staged.

Each tackle meant a mud-bath, each plunge, a swim.

Here the superior kicking of Weston won the day, but it was with considerable relief that we heard the final whistle.



LEFT TO RIGHT:—Mr. Conn (coach), Mr. Pearson, Sparling, McCallum, Breakey, Craig, Seythes, Beardall, Dick, Cooper.

WESTON, 8—BRAMPTON, 2.

Replaying the first game, some of the best Rugby of the year was displayed. A victory meant the championship, and each team was keyed right up for the battle.

As usual, Weston was slow in starting, and Brampton speedily gained a two-point lead.

After a bitter struggle up the field, the home talent got within scoring distance and went over for a touchdown. From then on, they held their own, and the end found them winners and champions of the League for the third consecutive year.

Congrats, boys!

THE TEAM

Reg. Sparling, Half—One of the stars of the half-line. The school is fortunate in having a backfielder who knows the game as well as "Red" does.

Possesses an effective straight-arm and is a hard man to tackle. Reg. scored the only touchdown of the final game.

Donny McCallum, Half—The "Gallop- ing Ghost" of Weston. Donny is a natural Rugby-player. It is almost impossible to stop this young tornado when he starts away on an end-run.

Also a fine tackler—one of the best on the team.

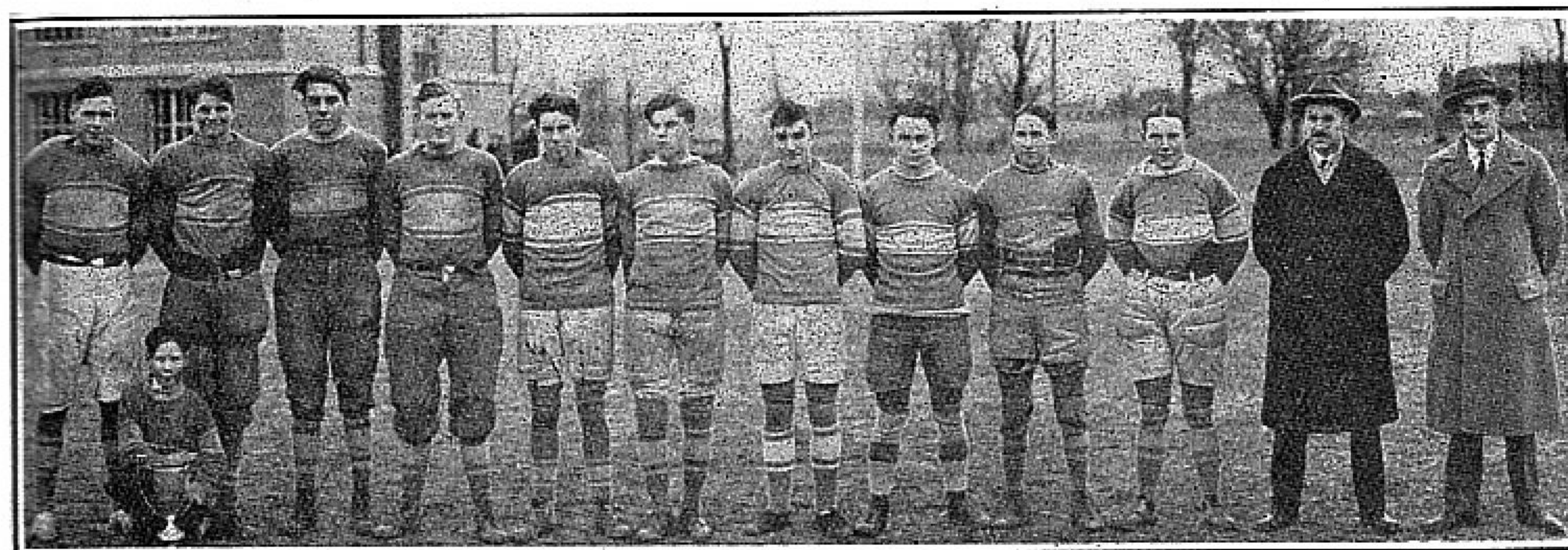
Bert Breakey, Snap—This tall youth from the West was a valuable member of the team. Poison for plungers and a dependable snap.

Unfortunately, Bert twisted his knee and this kept him out of the last two games.

Cam. Craig, Inside—Another new boy and nice tackler. Whistles like a canary, but tackles like a grizzly bear.

Geo. Scythes, Inside—A hard man to get by. George gave the boys quite a surprise one game when, subbing at middle, he went through the line like the proverbial knife through the proverbial butter.

Bill Beardall, Middle—Yes, he looks like it too. Just try and stop this boy. Bill gained enough yards to make a couple of fields. He was badly hurt at Brampton, but pluckily came back in for the final game.



LEFT TO RIGHT:—Christie, "Peanuts" (mascot), Johnstone, Flood, Scrace, Wilson, Graham, Franks, Meyers, Gagnon, Rogers, Mr. Worden, Mr. Traves.

W. Dick, Middle—He doesn't weigh much, but Oh, my! This boy goes through like an eel but is twice as hard to stop. A stonewall defensively.

J. Cooper, Quarter—Johnny, besides being quarter, is also a kicking foot. He is directly responsible for more than one win. At Scarboro, he gained all our points with that educated toe.

G. Christie, Inside—Although new to the game, Christie was a decided success. He had a habit of breaking up opposing plays. Very inconsiderate.

K. Johnstone, Outside—Modesty forbids.

H. Flood, Inside—A good man on the line. Pulled down many an ambitious plunger.

Geo. Scrace, Middle—A star at his position. Strong defensively and as a plunger, a hog at real estate snatching.

Bert Wilson—Bert played at various positions and generally made good. Played snap, outside, and even on the half-line.

Bern Graham, Half—A speed-demon and a smart tackler. Specialist at running back punts.

Herb. Franks, Flying Wing—A sensational tackler. Herb. can certainly bring the big fellows down. Also an adept at legitimate interference.

"Bush" Meyers, Half—Bush subbed on the half-line. A fast boy and a good tackler.

H. Gagnon, Outside—To see this little "half-pint" pull down the big boys, certainly gives one a thrill. Down on every kick and a hound for loose balls.

R. Rogers, Snap—"Ikey" subbed at outside for a while but filled in the last two games at snap. He was a decided success and a valuable asset to the team.

* * * *

The team was fortunate in having Messrs. Worden, Traves and Conn looking after it.

Their ceaseless drill brought out a real good team. Individual stars fitted in to make a well-balanced machine with the necessary ability to give it the winning punch.

JUNIOR RUGBY

There was little activity in Junior Rugby circles this year. The team was organized so late that only one game could be played. This was due to the fact that the coaches were so occupied with the Senior team that they had very little time left to devote to the Juniors.

The Junior's one game was played at home with the U.T.S.'s 125-pound team. The game was close and hard, but our boys were a little better than their visitors, and won by a score of 6-0.

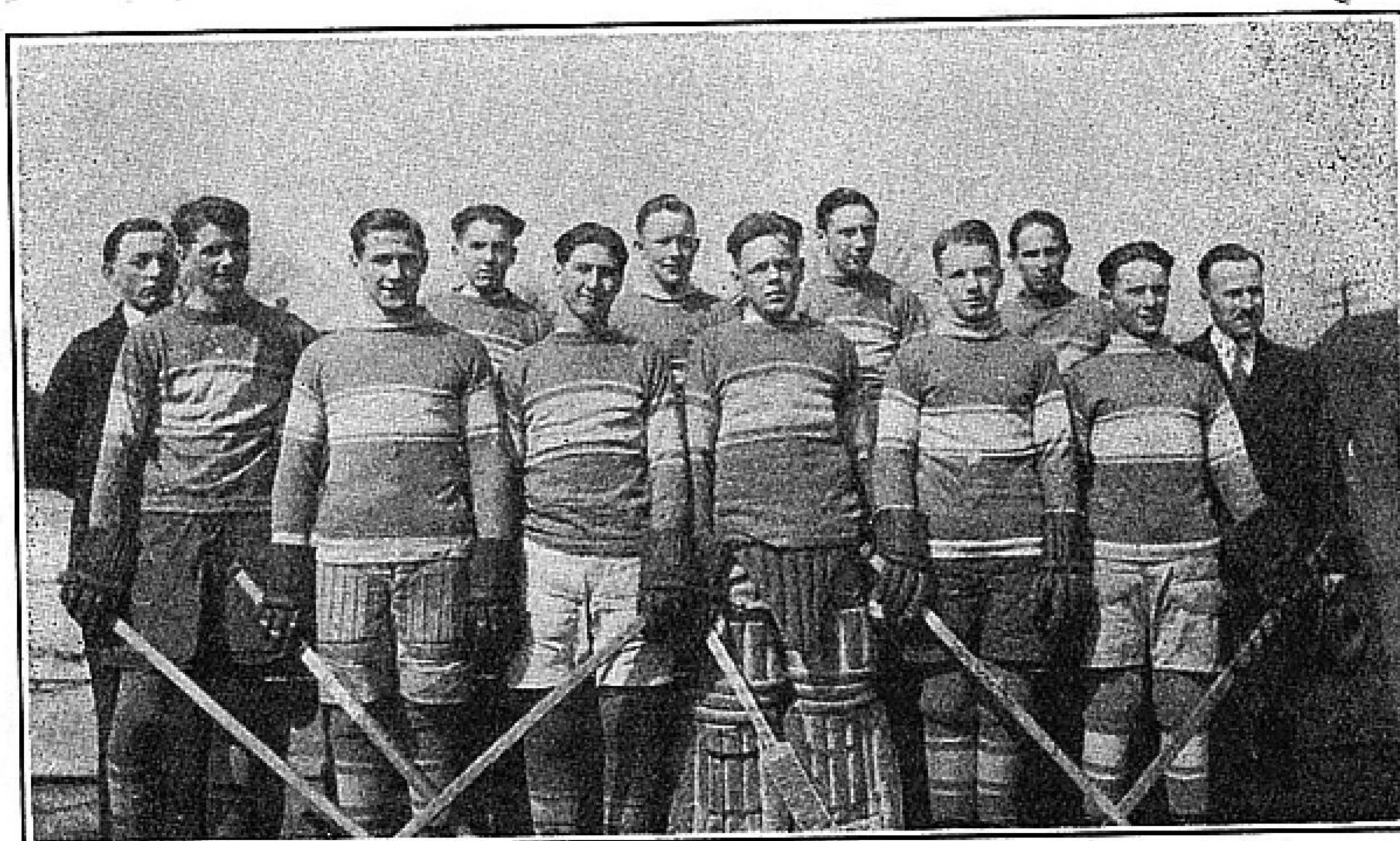
Norm. Meyer, the Weston centre half, was the "big noise" of the game, doing all his team's scoring. In the first quarter he put over a kick to dead line; while in the second he raced 40 yards round the end of the line to score a touchdown. In addition to his fine offensive work he was prominent defensively. It was his boot that sent the pigskin on a nice long ride, that several times pulled his team out of danger.

The tackling of Sparling, the winner flying wing, was also in evidence.

The loser's best player was probably Hetherington, who pulled off a 55-yard run in the last quarter.

The line-up for Weston was as follows:—Halves: Shantz, Meyer, and Spottiswood; Quarter: McCaul; Snap: Keyes; Insides: Howlett, Lindsay; Middles: Fuller and Sheppard; Outsides: Byers and Moffat; Flying Wing: Sparling; Subs.: Butler, Barrett and Rowland.

SENIOR HOCKEY



LEFT TO RIGHT—Back Row—Lotto, Manager; Neal, Holdsworth, Cooper, Gagnon, Mr. Worden.
Front Row—Johnstone, McCallum, Houston, Schantz, Inch, Rogers.

The close of the 1926-27 season saw our Juveniles "so near and yet so far". The team went the farthest any Weston High School team has yet gone towards Toronto Hockey League Honours.

We hope that next year's team will beat their record.

U.T.S., 2—WESTON, 1.

The first group game was played at Aura Lee rink against U.T.S. It was a close struggle but in the closing minutes of the last period, U.T.S. slipped in the deciding goal to win 2-1. Neal scored for Weston.

ST. MICHAELS, 2—WESTON, 1.

The second game, played at St. Michaels, was another close contest. At the end of the third period, neither team had scored. In the overtime, St. Michaels scored two to our one. Inch scored for Weston.

WESTON, 2—U.T.S., 0.

Playing U.T.S. on our home ice, the team gave a better exhibition of hockey and ended on top 2-1. Johnstone and Rogers got the goals.

WESTON, 0—ST. MICHAELS, 0.

In the next home game, played on extremely soft ice, neither team could score. The game was interesting in a humorous sense.

WESTON, 1—ST. MICHAELS, 0.

Playing off the tie-game at Ravina Rink, Weston won another closely contested game, 1-0. Houston garnered the only goal.

WESTON, 3—ST. MICHAELS, 1.

In the first of the two games for the group championship, Weston gained a two-goal lead when they beat St. Michaels 3-1. Inch, Johnstone and Rogers scored.

ST. MICHAELS, 2—WESTON, 0.

St. Michaels turned the tables and tied up the series when they blanked Weston 2-0 in the second game.

WESTON, 2—ST. MICHAELS, 1.

In the deciding game, Weston gained a hard-earned victory when they vanquished St. Michaels by the close score of 2-1. Houston and Holdsworth scored.

This win gave Weston the championship of the Interscholastic group.

WESTON, 1—PAULINE, 1.

Moving up into the semi-finals, Weston met the strong Pauline team and held them to a 1-1 draw in the first game. Houston obtained Weston's counter.

WESTON, 1—PAULINE, 1.

In the second game of the series with Pauline, another 1-1 tie resulted. Overtime failed to break the deadlock. The teams were very evenly matched. McCallum scored for Weston.

WESTON, 2—PAULINE, 0.

Playing their last game on the artificial ice at the Ravina the locals ended on the top of a 2-0 score. Their back checking was a decided factor in the victory. Schantz starred, Johnstone and McCallum got the goals.

WESTON, 0—MAITLANDS, 0.

In the first game of the finals for the Toronto Hockey League title, Weston met Maitlands at Willowdale Arena. The play was slow and the result was a no score game. Both goalies starred.

MAITLANDS, 6—WESTON, 0.

The last and deciding game was played at the Ravina and resulted in a crushing defeat for Weston.

At the end of the first period, the score was 1-1, and the boys were battling hard. In the second period, Maitlands scored two, and in the final period three more were added.

Lack of team-play was mostly responsible for the loss, but Maitlands played a brand of hockey that brought them through to the T.A.H.A. title.

Johnstone scored the only Weston goal. It is rumoured that Rogers also scored in the last period.

THE TEAM

Em. Shantz, Goal—Shantz is probably the best goal-tender that the school has ever had. A large part of the credit for Weston's showing must certainly be awarded to him.

Johnny Cooper, Defense—Johnny is a clever stick-handler and a careful man in front of the nets.

"Fat" Houston, Defense—Fat is one of the fastest skaters on the team and has an extremely hard shot.

Donny McCallum, Defense—Donny can hand out a stiff body-check, a nice stick-handler.

Roy Neal, Defense—Neal partook in only one game, but has a good poke-check, and is a comer.

Carmen "Doc" Inch, Left Wing—Inch has a bullet-like shot, can stick-handle and has an effective poke-check.

Royal "Ike" Rogers, Centre—The speed-demon of the team. Most persistent back-checker. "Ike" always gave his best.

Heck Gagnon, Centre—Heck starred as a back-checker. Although small, he took the bumps and always came back for more.

Harold "Slim" Holdsworth, Forward—Slim relieved the wings and often played centre. A tricky stick-handler.

Ken. Johnstone, Right Wing—"Necessary evil."

The team was ably managed by Arthur Lotto. Art guarded the team interests like a Scotchman guarding his whiskey. Mr. Worden coached the boys and was able to produce a winning outfit out of the available material.

MIDGET HOCKEY

Unlike the Juveniles the Midgets did not have a very successful year, being early eliminated from their group. They were weak in several departments, and though they fought gallantly were out-classed by most of their opponents.

They opened the season by entertaining U.T.S., and after a close, hard game, came out on the short end of a 3-2 score. In the return game at U.T.S., the latter displayed a marked superiority and our boys were beaten, 4-1.

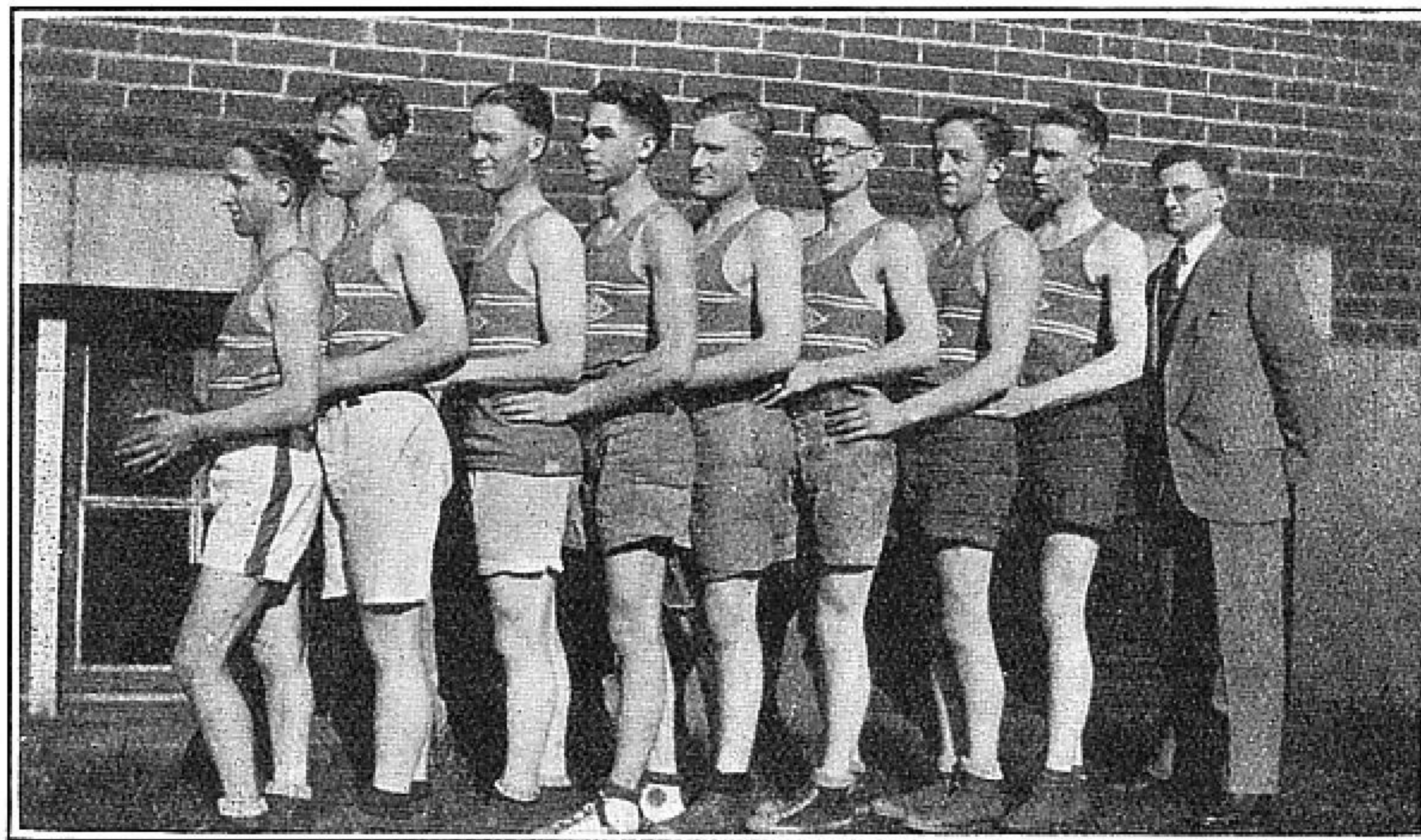
Their next game was at home, with De La Salle, and was, undoubtedly, the best of the season. Weston scored one goal in the first period, but De La Salle came to life in the second, and ran in three goals in quick succession. In the last period, however, the local team staged a whirlwind attack, bombarding the opposing goal from all angles, but only succeeded in netting the rubber once, and the game ended 3-2, in favour of De La Salle.

This was followed by a game at home, with St. Mike's. Our fellows were no match for their visitors, and were snowed under by a 7-1 score. In the return match, which ended the season, they turned in a good deal better performance, and were only beaten 3-2.

Perhaps the best individual player on the team was Selwyne Davies, the sturdy left defenseman. He was the heaviest man on the team, and knew how to use his weight fairly. He was always a great factor in breaking up the opposing rushes, and was, no doubt, the most important unit in the defense.

Another player deserving mention, is Mack Pearson, the left forward, our honoured principal's young hopeful. Mack has a lot of speed, is as elusive as a shadow, and packs a wicked shot for his size. His greatest disadvantage is his lack of weight. He is so light that they only charge him half a cent at the weighing machines. Nevertheless, he was always dangerous, and when he gets a little "beef" on him, he will make a real fine player.

BASKETBALL



LEFT TO RIGHT—H. Gagnon, J. Graham, J. Mewhort, R. Hagerman, Geo. Scrace, R. Sparling, B. Beardall, L. McManus, Mr. Whidden (coach).

A Junior and Senior team was entered in the Toronto and District High School Basketball League, and though they failed to win a championship, distinguished themselves by giving more experienced teams a great battle. Under the able coaching of Mr. Whidden, a basketballer of repute himself, the teams rapidly got into their stride.

In the senior schedule the school was linked up with her hereditary rival, Brampton, but Brampton new to the cage game, defaulted their group games to Weston. During the remaining time before the play-offs, a series of exhibition games were played.

The boys took on Normal School, and battling all the way came out on the short end of a 21-19 score. This game was very exciting, and gave the student fans many thrills.

For the next game the players journeyed down to Oakwood Gym. and playing against a more experienced team, were only able to hold them to a 16-8 score.

In the first of the Group Finals played at Oshawa, the Oshawa squad secured a 15-point lead by brilliant shooting, winning the game by a score of 30-15.

In the final played at Weston our boys went into the fray with a do-or-die spirit, determined to overcome that 15-point lead, but again Oshawa displaying fine team-work, overcame our stalwarts in a close game, winning by 22-19, and the round being captured by the score of 52-34. The boys gave them a hearty yell, and wished them success in the Ontario play-offs.

In another exhibition fixture played at Weston, with the McMaster Seniors, city semi-finalists, the team held a heavier and taller built squad to a 49-12 score. The team tried hard but were up against as stiff opposition as they had yet encountered.

An exhibition with the McMaster Freshman team was arranged and in a fast and brilliant game the school at last came through on the right side of a 42-34 score. The boys displayed great team-work, and playing a shade faster and harder than the Freshies, finally won out.

In a return game, played at Central Y.M.C.A., they again came through, this time with a scant 2-point margin, winning the game by 18-16. In every game our captain, Jack Graham, was prominent by his aggressive playing and scoring ability, but every member of the team gave his best and what more could we ask?

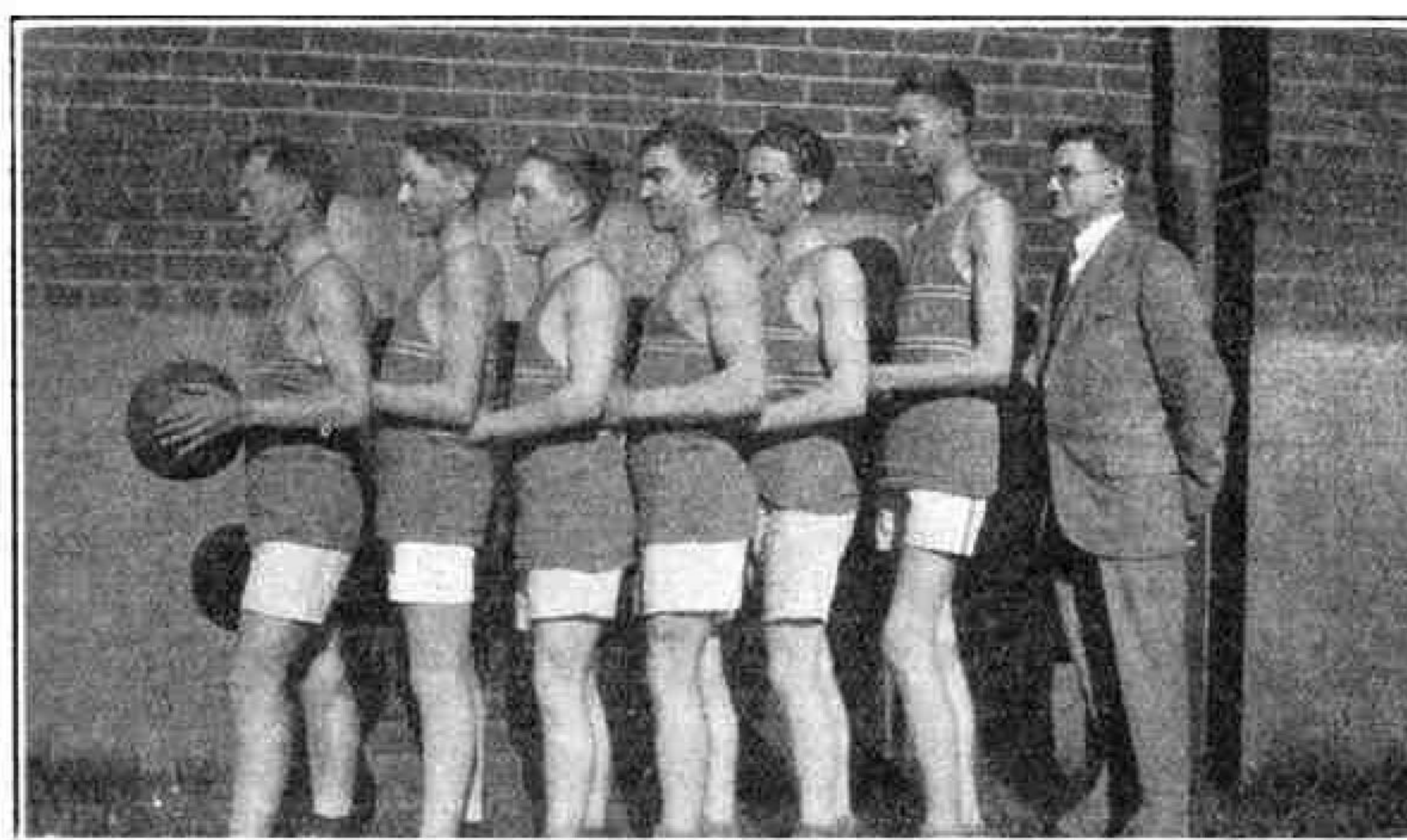
In the Junior schedule the boys were matched with Mimico and Brampton. Mr. Whidden again secured some promising material and in a short time had a hardy, though small statured machine in working order.

In the first game played at Mimico the Juniors, weakened by the absence of a few players, went down to defeat by the score of 43-6. But in the next game they came back with a vengeance and playing as man defense of faster and heavier ball than Mimico, won by a 30-26 margin.

In the next game the Brampton Juniors, stepping out in their first year of basketball, went down to defeat before the clever attack of the more experienced Weston team. The score was 33-8. Brampton defaulted their remaining game, which brought Mimico and Weston on into the finals.

In the play-offs the first game was played at Weston, and Mimico, showing a marked improvement over her last effort against Weston, came out on the right side of a 30-15 score. The second game was played at Mimico and the Mimiconites again won the game by a 23-8 score, winning the round and the championship by a 53-23 score. The Juniors then decided to try their luck in a game with North Toronto Juniors, and lost out by a 49-18 score. This was a hard-fought game, the North Toronto's seeming to have a walk-away until the Westonites struck their stride in the last half. In the last game of the season the Juniors and Seniors met in combat and a fast and furious game resulted. The score ending with a ten-point lead for the Seniors. The result was Seniors 29, Juniors 19.

In the season's games the Junior captain, Bert Wilson, and his stalwart defenseman, Herb. Franks, starred, but all the team played heady and brilliant basketball giving their best.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Gerard, Wilkinson, Spottiswood, Wilson, Amsbury, Dingle, McCaul, Mr. Whidden (coach).

Form News

FIFTH FORM

Fifth Form is in the last stages of that long and painful disease known as getting through High School. Fifth Formers look forward to a happy release at the end of the year, hence the look of expectant hope on the faces of most of them. Occasionally some unfortunate individual has a relapse and has to suffer for another year.

Fifth Form is composed of:—

- (A) Real scholars, that is those who really work and who have ability.
- (B) Bright but lazy people who don't get anywhere.
- (C) Not so clever, who work hard and get somewhere.
- (D) Shieks.
- (E) Shebas.
- (F) Football players.
- (G) Hockey players.
- (H) Basketball players.
- (I) Total losses.

* * * *

Third Former—"Is that chap studying here?"

Fourth Former—"No. He's a Fifth Former."

* * * *

Warning—Don't run down the insane asylum in front of Rogers because he hates anyone to attack his Alma Mater.

* * * *

BERT BREAKKEY—"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold." Bert is a product of that land of romance, the Canadian West. He attributes his growth to the fresh air, his Mother and Nature. A well liked and clever member of the class.

C. DOC. INCH—"What yeast cakes did for me." Doc. is a fine, healthy specimen of a High School student. Prominent in studies, oratory and athletics.

NORMAN C. KNIGHT—"Full of wise saws and modern instances." Norman is a remarkable young gentleman and most versatile. Rejoicing in a nick-name of "Ezra" the pride of Fifth Form may be seen at noon-hour on the campus engaged in a spirited game of baseball, testing his brawny muscles with the shot-put or tearing his trousers trying to break the world record for jumps. Concluding we might state that Norman forms a rare combination of beauty, brawn and brain and in spite of these advantages he still maintains the goodwill and love of his fellow-students.

GEORGE SCYTHES—"Sweet Music that softer lies." When George exercises his trombone, the people for miles about send in complaints. Zealous English scholar. It is difficult to predict just how high George will climb on the ladder of fame.

NORMAN ANDERSON—"Envy no man's happiness; Glad of other men's good." Norman is for all his size one of the quietest and most unobtrusive of the class. Serious in his studies he appreciates humour where it is fitting.

ERNEST (SQUAWK) BARRETT—"Where you workin', John?" Squawk is a track star and a pianist—rare combination. Physically he is said to be another definition of a straight line.

JACK GRAHAM—"Eques metuendus with the basket ball, star basketball and a diligent student. Difficulties with French homework are his only lapses.

DONNY MCCALLUM—"This was the noblest Roman of them all." Donny stars in athletics and studies. Ask the girls about him. A deceiving looking chap. His quiet exterior hides a volcano of energy.

LLOYD MCMANUS—"When McManus pitched the bases were bare." Besides being a clever soft-ball pitcher Mac is a smart basketball player and president of the Literary Society, and a clever, hard working chap.

JIMMIE MUNGALL—"A man's a man for a' that." Jimmie is a true Scot, a lover of Burns. When Jimmie becomes excited they have to obtain an interpreter. He loves an argument like a duck loves rain.

ROY NEAL—"The proof of pea soup is the number of peas." Neal is a product of the soil and doubtless a descendant of the man from Missouri. He is a studious young fellow but he likes his hockey and baseball.

ROYAL (IKEY) ROGERS—"O, what can ail thee Knight-in-Arms?" Rogers is at home in a debate with Mungall. He has a record for predicting events wrongly. If anyone wishes a safe bet they ask Rogers' opinion and then bet opposite.

GEORGE SCRACE—"A man of upright life and free from crime." Horace would surely have dedicated a poem to him had he known of him. George is as reliable as French homework assignments.

BILL SUTHERLAND—"A gentleman on whom I built an absolute trust." Bill takes life most seriously. He has the stability of a mountain and the playfulness of a college professor.

HARRY WRIGHT—"An archway where through gleams an untravelled world." Harry will try anything once. He likes his Algebra to be fully explained and can find more brain teasers in Mathematics than all the other students together.

JESSIE BULL—"Sit Jessica, look how the floor of heaven's thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." An ardent supporter of school athletics Jessie is one of the most popular girls in the school.

BONABELL CAMPBELL, DOROTHY COULTER, DOROTHY WADE—"United we stand—divided we fall."

B.C.—The first Musketeer, "five foot two, eyes of blue", clever and quick-witted. Blue-eyed Bonabell has a hard time convincing Mr. Jeffrey that it was not she speaking.

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D.C.—The second Musketeer—"A thought ungentle cannot be". Dark-eyed Dorothy, a fitting mate for the other two Musketeers.

D.W.—The third—"Angels alone that soar above enjoy such liberty." It is said that the third member of the trio learned Wordsworth's "It is not to be thought of" at age of two. She at least believes in womanhood suffrage.

OLIVE CAMPBELL—"Her very frowns are fairer far than smiles of other maidens are." Olive is another claimed by the muse of learning.

CHARLOTTE CHAPMAN—"A gentle maid demure and shy." Charlotte so studious, so quiet, is liked by every one; prominent in the Literary Society and a clever artist.

FLORENCE CHAPMAN—"A pupil of Orpheus." Charlotte's sister has the family quality that makes her as well liked as her sister. A valued member of the school orchestra.

ROBERTA EMBERSON—"A maid most discreet." Roberta is a clever musician, plays in the school orchestra.

BETH HASSARD—"The light that lies in Beth's eyes." A glance in Beth's eyes reveals a character jolly and clever.

NELLIE JOHNSTON—"Tell me gentle maid and true; Are there any more like you?" Vivacious Nellie is esteemed by everyone. She is an enthusiastic hockey and rugby fan.

HELEN MUSSON—"O Helen, fair beyond compare." A brilliant and outstanding pupil ever since she entered the school. Helen has been editor of the school paper for several years. Has decided opinions of her own.

MARGARET SCYTHES—"Ah, qu'elle est belle la Marguerite." Margaret is making her big brother work hard to preserve his self-esteem.

BETTY SUTHERLAND—"A girl with eager eyes and yellow hair." A rare combination of beauty and brains, Betty has rendered invaluable aid in the formation of the magazine.

MARY FISHER—"Mary, Mary, quite contrary." Mary is another of those quiet, but efficient girls. Natural shyness prevents her from being more prominent.

OLIVE HERON—"La belle (?) dame sans merci." Olive sometimes descends from her lofty heights to spear poor Ike with some cutting sarcasm.

KATHERINE HERSCHAL—"I chatter, chatter, all day long." This loquacious young lady lends much colour to the room.

MARION HESLOP—"Match her ye across the sea." Another product of the great open spaces. Rather quiet.

RUTH MACPHERSON—"Sae rantinly, sae wantonly." Comes of good Scotch ancestry.

MILLY SHORE—With straying locks of titian hue, arrives every morning in one of Sir Henry Thornton's chariots. Looks after her work and is something of an elocutionist.

ISOBEL SMITH—She journeys from afar on the choo-choo. Really bright in Algebra. The delight of Mr. Jeffrey's heart.

CORA SNYDER—"Still waters run deep." The official door-keeper of the Form.

CATHERINE BOYES—"A daughter fair of chastity." Catherine has good ancestry being the daughter of a Methodist minister.

MARGARET LINDSAY—"From distant climes she comes". Margaret comes from outside the country but we don't hold anything against her for that. She arrived this year, but didn't take long to gain lots of friends.

MARIE CARRUTHERS—"All the blossoms on the tree cannot compare with Sweet Marie." Comes from the great open spaces around Downsview; a rather quiet girl and a real student.

OLWYN DAVIES—"Sweet personality full of rascality." Straight from the land where they see visions and dream dreams.

HAZEL PUGH—"Patty-cake, patty-cake, Baker's man." Hazel, probably because she is able to eat the products of the Mount Dennis Bakery is a clever scholar and a credit to the class.

DOROTHY RIMMINGTON—"Everywhere that Hazel went." Dorothy and Hazel are chums, whose friendship rivals that of Damon and Pythias. Dorothy is another good student.

MARION TOPHAM—"A type of our youthful country; In its pride and youthfulness." Marion is a skilled pianist and one of the few remaining girls with long tresses.

KEN. JOHNSTONE—"Poets may come and poets may go; but I go on forever." Kennie is our class humourist. He is a long, lean, lanky specimen of humanity with a ready fund of wise cracks. He is something of an athlete too. He shook a mean pair of dogs this year as outside on the Rugby Team, played forward on the Hockey Team, and holds down the premier sack on the Form Softball team. He turns out a constant sheaf of poems ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. Of course he is wonderfully popular with the ladies. He intends to be a journalist. He will probably turn out a second "Six-Bit."

FOURTH FORM NEWS

The Flaming Forest.

The other day two boys came rushing out of Weston High School's classiest classroom. They lost no time in making themselves scarce. Soon Mr. Forest (Bush) Meyer appeared, brush in hand, with his locks waving madly in the breeze (or was it a draught?) he glared first the right of him, then to the left of him.

"Where are they?" snarled the blazing Bush. Then spying the culprits down at the other end of the hall he set out after them. At length, he returned, realizing the futility of further pursuit. Angrily gulped down a drink (water) and felt a little put out.

"I'll get 'em," vowed he, as he sourly turned into the room.

Why was Forest flaming mad? Well, "in Spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns—etc.", and Forest (a young man) had "stepped out" for the first time the night before. His schoolmates had got wind

of it and the board was appropriately used to inform all and sundry of the fact. The pictures, titles, and especially the initials and names were not to this young man's liking, and the subject has been a tender one with Bush for a long time. What? dear reader, you want the name? or initials? Oh, we'll spare him that.

* * * *

Mr. Norm. Meyers is 4A's minstrel. One never knows when he will break out in song. Sometimes the haunting strains of "Lonesome" will come drifting over the heads of the class from Mr. Meyers' corner. He likes an accordion accompaniment, he says. His favourite songs seem to be, "I'd climb the highest mountain," "I'd love to call you my sweetheart," (when he sings that we wonder which one of the girls in the class he's singing it to?), "Moonbeams kiss her for me," is another he likes, because, you see, he's bashful. Mr. Meyers is a member of the Weston Boys' Band, which accounts for many of his eccentricities.

* * * *

THE FINANCIAL NEWS

The bailiff knocked at Mr. Wm. McCaul's residence the other evening on behalf of Mr. Norman Knight, to collect 10c long overdue. Mr. McCaul accepted the writ but told the bailiff to tell Knight that he (Mr. McCaul) would see Mr. Knight in court. Mr. McCaul immediately phoned his lawyer, Mr. Hellmuth, whom he has retained. Both sides are preparing for a stiff legal battle. "It's not the money," said Mr. McCaul, "it's the principle."

McCaul claims that it was a lead dime that Mr. Knight lent him and that he can prove it. Mr. Knight says he has several astounding revelations to make and is confident of victory. The case is set for May 15th.

* * * *

Mr. McNeil has found his "Ideal" fountain pen. It's Mr. Law's. Arthur has found it highly satisfactory for writing Ancient History notes.

* * * *

Mr. MacPherson has taken Mr. Doug. Alexander under his wing, so to speak. Noticing that Doug. was getting behind in several subjects he has kept an eye on him during school hours, and anything that isn't quite clear to Doug. Mac explains it. Mac is very solicitous, "Do ya see that, Doug.?" he will say after something has been explained. No matter how little Mac knows about a thing he is ready to impart that little knowledge to his pal. "The little he hath he giveth!" O Damon and Pythias! thy spirit liveth yet.

* * * *

Mr. John A. Cooper, 4A's eminent moralist, in a private interview, revealed strong opinions about the modern girl. "If I were bringing up a girl," said he, "I would not allow her to wear dresses that rose above the ankle. As for rouge and powder I would allow her one box of talcum powder every six months. And that is how I think every girl of to-day should be raised. Of course, the boys should be brought up out of reach of the influence of theatres and should go to bed at 8 o'clock every night until their 17th birthday, when they would be strongly counseled not to go to parties. I am

working hard to bring such an ideal of bringing up boys and girls before the parents of to-day. And there is nothing more disgusting," concluded this popular critic, "than to see a girl walking down the street with bobbed hair and without a hat on." The interview over, Mr. Butler, the handsome Secretary, ushered the raving reporter out of the room.

* * * *

There is no news about the girls, they have been so quiet lately, except that Miss Brigham provides an occasional laugh by arriving at school on time.

* * * *

This reporter's rueful wisecrack comes in the form of a riddle:—

Q.—Why should fountain pens be called "Parasite" Pens?

A.—Because they live on other peoples' ink.

BUGHOUSE FABLES

Mr. Henry McDonald got up and screamed in the French period to-day and Mr. Wells made a face at Mr. Weston. Miss Graeb sweetly smiled and kindly said, "Boys, will be boys", and when she found out that no one had done their homework, sent everybody out to play in the morning sunshine.

4B NOTES

"Ships that pass in the night, (and speak each other in passing)

Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness."

Such it would seem is the fate of 4B, that small class in the snug little classroom on the first corridor, adjacent to the office, from which issue the persistent buzzing of the telephone and infrequently the resounding "thwack" of the strap; adjacent also to the cafeteria, from which rise up such tantalizing odours of cabbage and onions about eleven thirty a.m. when one is beginning to be painfully conscious of an aching void; adjacent one might add to 2A—but—we must not bear false witness against our neighbour and anything we might say could be misconstrued.

4B as a class is twenty-five strong but only at 9 a.m. and 1.15 p.m. When the second bell rings 4B breaks up into groups which go their several ways only to "speak each other in passing." We have 17 continuing 4B'rs., five acquisitions who came to us this year and three repeaters mentioned last because they invariably arrive last.

As a class we have no social events to chronicle, no literary or athletic feats to record; examining our achievements we are forced to admit that we have only helped.

We *helped* to win the Rugby Cup; we provided a manager for the school Hockey Team in the person of Arthur Lotto, by whose untiring efforts the team won many victories and went down to defeat only in the finals; we *helped* to lose a number of Basketball games in the boys' league; we *helped* to contest the championship game with 2C in the girls' league; we *helped* to impress the public with the

athletic prowess of the school by lending Bernard Graham who won second place in the contest at the Assault-at-Arms; we *helped*—ah! but “Ask me no more”—we even *helped* to build the pyramids.

* * * *

Miss Mott to Westover: “Give me a sentence using the word ‘Avaunt’.”

Westover: “Avaunt what avaunt when avaunt it.”

* * * *

Latin Teacher to Pupil: “Give me the principal parts of a first conjugation verb.”

Pupil (aside to his neighbour): “Gimme one quick.”

His Neighbour: “Darned if I know.”

Pupil (aloud): “Darndifino, darndifinare, darndifinavi, darndifinatum.”

* * * *

English Teacher: “For next month’s composition 4B will write a poem on George Young’s great and glorious feat.”

(Moore to Scrace): “What size does he wear?”

* * * *

PLAY IN ONE ACT, MR. PEARSON STARRING

He enters classroom by rear door jingling a bunch of keys—stands a moment—walks slowly forward looking at some papers which he is holding in his other hand—presiding teacher stops speaking. Mr. Pearson goes through the pantomime of counting pupils—turns and slowly walks toward window—identifies truant disappearing around the corner of the Vocational School, exits hastily by front door; teacher begins lesson—Mr. Pearson returns, jingling keys, exits slowly. Teacher resumes lesson.

CHRONICLES OF 2A

2A has had an extremely successful social year. Five parties have been held by the pupils. First a farewell party for Mr. Wm. Wier, at which he was presented with a set of brushes. Then a Hollowe’en party, a Christmas party and then a Valentine party and another farewell party. At this last party Mr. Fuller was presented with a tie.

There are both boys and girls in 2A, and two interesting games of basketball and another of baseball were played. The boys won both. On the afternoon and evening of the Assault-at-Arms the 2A girls won a relay race with the 2C girls.

IIA. has a paper the “IIA Observer.” The chief Editor is Miss Jeanie Ferreira. The pupils show good talent in some of the stories and poems. It has been suggested that the papers be saved and made into a magazine.

FORM NEWS 2B

“Good evening, everyone, this is radio station 2B broadcasting a programme of Form News from its studio at Weston High School.”

Everyone knows where 2B is. It’s the Form where the teacher who always has the yard-stick in his hand, presides.

Everybody has his weak point, and George Howlett says his is French.

Wray Gardhouse's weak point is getting mixed up in the last part of the proof.

Some favourite sayings of 2B's teachers:—

Mr. Whidden—"Five hundred lines for you."

Miss Carnahan—"Now we aren't going to have any more noise to-day."

Mr. Law—"Come around to my room to-night."

Miss Graeb—"No comments, please."

Mr. McArthur—"Say, down there."

Miss Carrie—"All the work we have to-day ten times after four."

Mr. McKenzie—"See me to-night."

"Now, boys, take your books and correct these sentences:—

"1. Bill Rowland does not like the girls.

"2. Howard Amsberry is quite short.

"Everyone likes lots of homework."

* * * *

Embarrassing Question—"What did you get in the French exam.?"

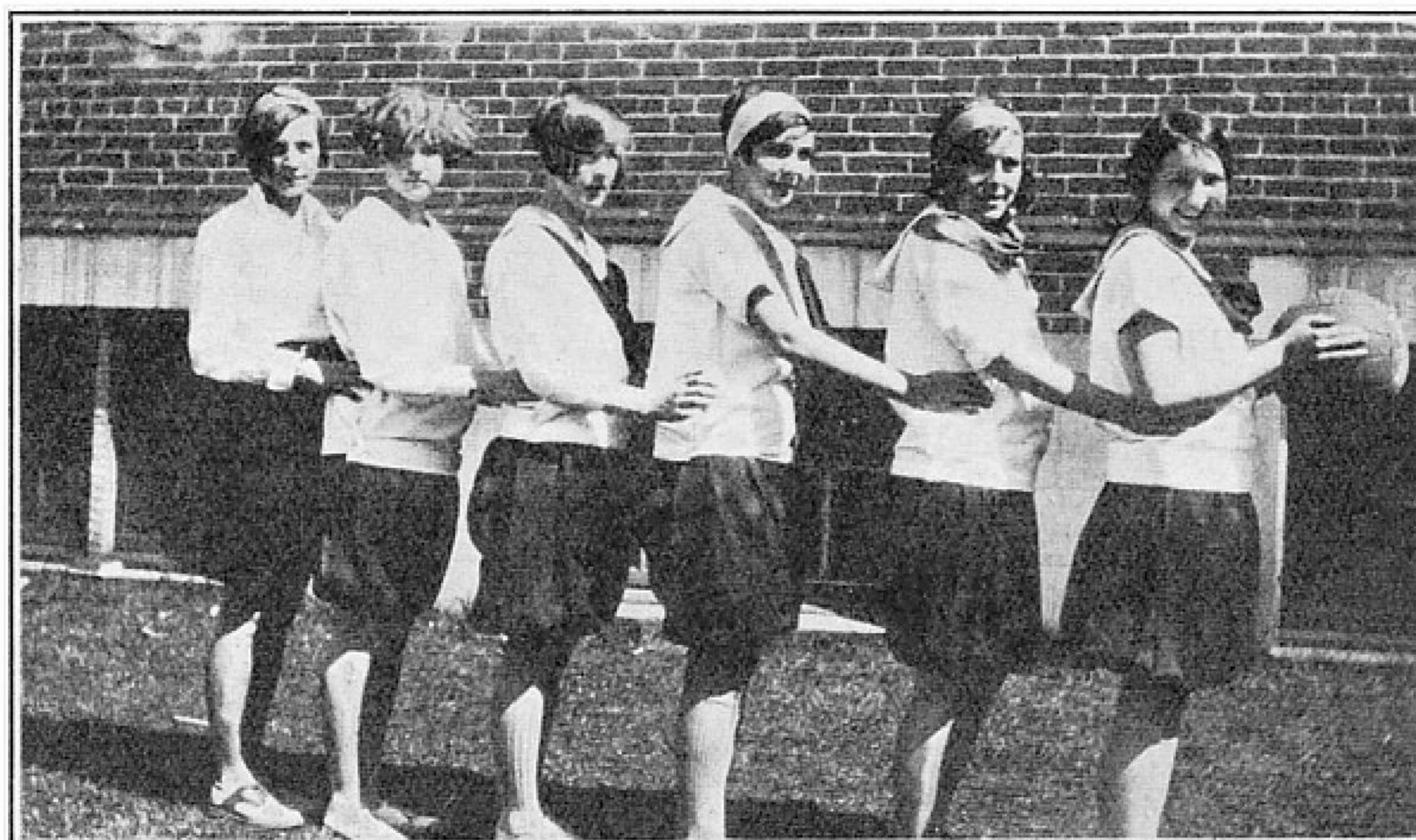
* * * *

We will now conclude the programme with three cheers for the best Form in the school and the best Form-master.

"Three cheers for 2B and Mr. McKenzie."

"We have just concluded our broadcasting for this period. We would be very glad to receive your letters of comment and requests. Please address all letters to our studio. This is radio station 2B at Weston High School, signing off at exactly two minutes past twelve o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. Correct time furnished by Mr. McKenzie our Form-master."

2C FORM NEWS



* 11C. CHAMPIONS

LEFT TO RIGHT:—Clara Mathers, Helen Tapscott, Mary Houlett, Marg. Bailey, Doris Markwick, Pat Musson.

What's the C for, anyhow?

"CHAMPIONS"

All aboard for 2C studios.

As a moving picture studio 2C advises all fans to see following productions:—

Starring Mr. McKenzie in "See me to-night."

Miss Carnahan in "Now you people have no sense at all."

Mr. McArthur in "Now you can just do that in the office."

Mr. Whidden in "Get out."

Miss Graeb in "You'll find it in the text."

Miss Carrie in "Write out to-day's work ten times after four."

Miss Eckhardt in "Now that isn't playing fair."

Our athletic productions are especially noteworthy. We are now the Champion Girls' basketball team of the school. The victory was hard won from Fourth Form. All we hope now is that the promised monograms will materialize.

As a study studio just peep into Miss Graeb's room. We are the perfect form there.

For a comic reel 2C submits the following:—

Miss Graeb late for a period.

Mr. McKenzie—Making fudge without his yard stick, his bit of paper and his "beaple".

Mr. Whidden without his glasses.

Miss Eckhardt without her little note-book.

2C had a lapse into second childhood in the winter, startling the school by wearing hair-ribbonss and sucking suckers. Don't worry too much—it's passed off.

2C has by this time learned that Mr. McKenzie's watch is not an Ingersol or it would have been worn out long ago.

THE 1927 DUMBELL REVIEW OF 1C

Here we are again, ladies and gentlemen, whole in body, but not in brain. We will not portray to your honourable self one of our famous personages of 1C. You know that not long ago Mr. Gordon Agar won the junior horticultural (Oh! excuse me). I mean the Oratorical contest, open to everyone, even girls. Really some bright laddies from our room said that the credit was not due to little Gordon, but to the notorious of 1C correspondence course in S. in P. (Speechifying in Public). As you do not know that 1C has many famous correspondence courses, such as B. and BBB (Bigger and Better Butter Buns) and others. Only I think little Gordon's speech was fine, glorious, magnificent and lovely all baked into one. Our little 1C (half) wit wishes to crack some of his wise ones on you:

Percy—"Did you see the nasty look Mr. McArthur gave me?"

Archy—"Naw, you got it when you were born."

Here's a problem our algebra teacher, Miss Eadie, gave us once:—

Pull up a well and saw it into post holes.

He (after some argument)—"Well, why didn't you give her the go-by (gobi)."

Mr. McArthur—"Now Freddy, what are your parents names?"
Freddy—"Momma and Poppa, sir."

I believe that that is sufficient. I hope you like them, but if you don't please don't throw them at him, because he really is doing his best. If you don't like this column do not read it, for we wouldn't like to lose a respected citizen. Amen.

THE SOCIAL REGISTER

O listen to us while we say,
That the Special Commercial has come his way.
With a poem written about our class,
And mention made of each lad and lass.
The first on our list is A. C. Found,
We work much better when she is around.
Reta Brown, fair and slim,
Is extra quiet and very prim.
Dell Jackson from country hails,
Trotting to school o'er hills and dales.
Stella Harris, a musician of course,
Plays the piano with a great deal of force.
Eileen and Bill, sister and brother,
Two is enough but we wouldn't mind another.
Doreen Slawson a basketball fan,
Wins for Mary Paris whenever she can.
Mabel Druggan, a girl we know,
Is good at typing, row on row.
Francis Stinson, so cheerful and gay,
Talks more in an hour than the rest in a day.
Catherine Healey, is full of pep,
For causing mischief she's quite a rep.
Harry Holdsworth may some day reach fame,
With the number of hockey goals after his name.
Of Glad. Hepton's knowledge we cannot tell half
But what we like best is her gay little laugh.
Grace Campbell is small indeed,
But they are the kind we often need.
Marguerite Dunlop who studies awhile,
Then turns to her neighbour and gives her a smile.
Eleanor Morrison quiet from birth,
Waving her hands in helpless mirth.
Erma Capner who can't see why,
No more skipping spares on the sly.
Constance Watt, a girl in her teens,
Not a rough-houser by any means.
Maisie Goodwill with auburn hair,
We surely miss her when she isn't there.

3 COMMERCIAL FORM NEWS

This notorious form of budding stenographers is now beginning to settle down to work, as the term is near an end, and it will soon be time for them to start on life's highway. Our two bachelors, Ronald Thomas and George McPhail, have recently left us. We are sorry to lose them, but glad to know they have taken positions. As Lent is now ended Mr. Wilson will have more chalk to use, as some of the girls who vowed not to use face powder during Lent are tired of chalk, and will be pleased to get back to their usual powder. Those who gave up candy will also be glad to get back their sweets. A race for first place in the class in the second set of examinations was taken up by several of the girls. Beatrice Chapman came out the winner, with Gertrude Skells second, being one-tenth of one per cent. behind Beatrice. It seems as if everybody in this form has the spring fever, because every minute of the day somebody is yawning. We hope this epidemic will be over after the welcome holidays. Marjorie Archer and May MacNaughton are walking home every night now. We think Miss MacNaughton, who is Scotch, has influenced Miss Archer in some way. Freda Allen, however, still takes the Toonerville Trolley to Northlands and walks along the tracks. We hope she won't turn out to be a hobo. Every time it comes to examination day Marjorie Archer does the disappearing act, but she always manages to appear the next day as right as rain.

Have you ever heard of a harmonious form? If you haven't you had better read this. The best example of a harmonious class in this school is Form 3 Commercial. Harmonious means in harmony, in case you don't know, and there's not one pupil in this school who can compare with a third former for harmony. For example, when Miss Found says we are going to have a history test the whole class (in perfect harmony, of course) utter the most heartrending groans.

These students agree with each other in a wonderful way. Marjorie never quarrels with Gert., unless Gert. borrows her gum without asking, and Lily would even break her pencil in half to lend to somebody; that is if she had borrowed the pencil from somebody else. Another example of harmony. They all have their typewriters tuned to the same key, and the most perfect tunes are rendered in typing periods, even if the teachers don't appreciate it so much, especially when one or two of the pupils start humming to keep up the good work. They all use the same powder, and they borrow it of the same girl, too, in most cases. The only thing that isn't so harmonious is the way in which some girls crack their gum. No wonder; some of it might be sold for antique ornaments, and the rest is of such doubtful quality that the sounds vary from high C's to the basest of Z's.

So now we will leave them thinking (harmoniously, of course) that lunch hour is the slowest period to arrive.

2 COMMERCIAL FORM NEWS

Owing to the long term preceding the Easter holidays, many of the 2 Com. students are becoming impatient to start on life's highway.

Mr. Traves has a hard time with the 2 Com. geography students, in spite of notes from home pleading illness the students still proceed along the milky way.

The industrious cafeteria workers are somewhat restricted by Mr. Traves, because some of them pleaded guilty on a charge of leaving the room at a quarter to twelve under the pretence of serving in the cafeteria.

The 2 Com. girls played a wild game of basketball on Tuesday against 3rd form girls of the High School, but failed by showing the gentle way in which they were brought up, which stood no chance against the 3rd form, in spite of Miss Carrie's efforts to keep them under her control.

One of the 2 Com. students, Miss Ethelwyn Thomson, thought she would try her luck and enter the Oratorical Contest, the subject being "The United Empire Loyalists", which was an excellent topic, but the judges favoured some others, so she lost her heart's desire.

I.C.A. FORM NEWS

Our Class.

Our class is I.C.A.,
And we're not allowed to play,
We try to study all we may,
And hear all that the teachers say.

You can't chew gum in our class,
So keep it out of sight.
Don't have your fun too often,
Don't try to fail, you might.

We have clever pupils,
And two who do like art,
Thelma Southall, Audrey Smith.
Why not all make a start.

Nothing exciting happens,
So I will write no more,
For our poetry, please excuse us,
It's a thing we've not tried before.

Here we are, the girls of I.C.A., who boarded the Commercial Express in September of 1926 to enjoy together our three years' trip through Commercial Land, when we shall leave the terminus joyfully waving our Commercial Diplomas.

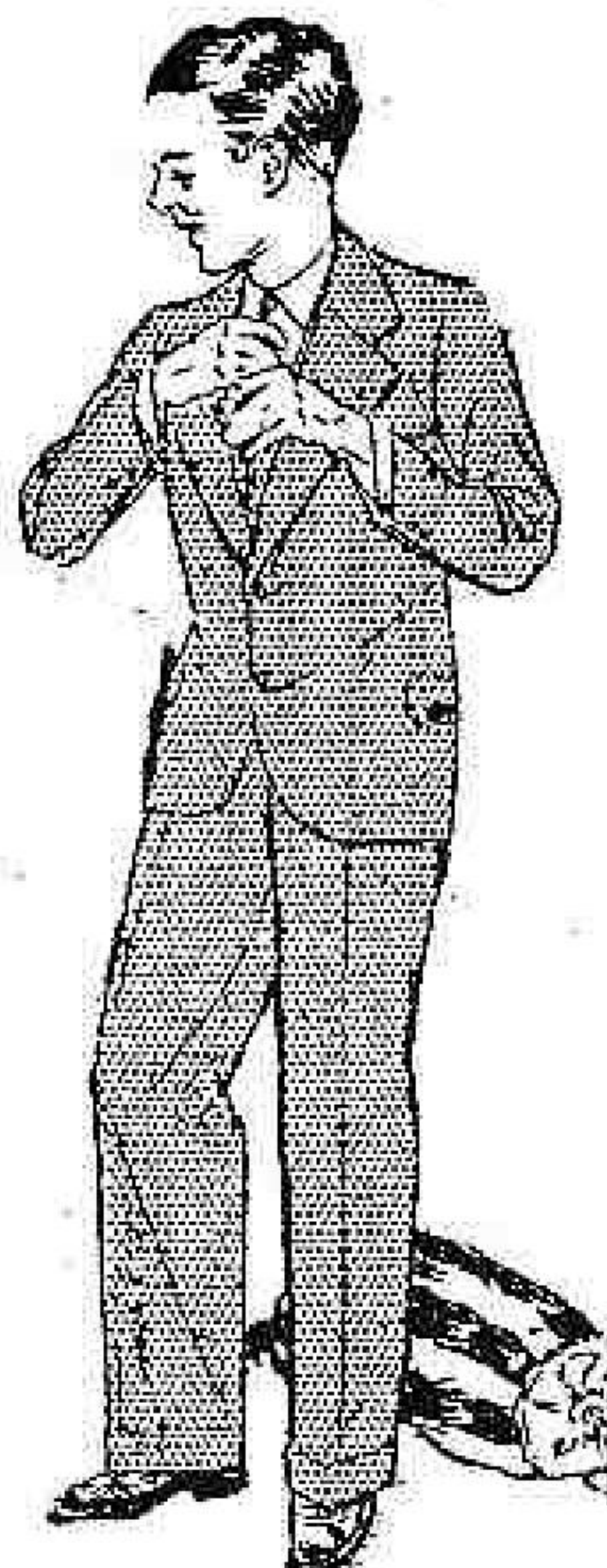
As we journey through "The Land of Opportunity", Jean Syme, one of our number, by her skill at baseball and basketball, arouses an admiration for a healthy and controlled body, which makes us determined to seize every opportunity which our trip affords to indulge in healthful recreation.

Lillian Bowring, by her concentration and businesslike attention to details, inspires us all to keep our eyes and ears open that we too may miss none of the worth-while sights along the way.

Audrey Smith, being one of an inquiring mind, has discovered more of the wonders of Physiography Land than any of her fellow-travellers.

Netta Duncanson surely can head us all in Shorthand. She'll make an ideal "Tillie the Toiler".

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SECOND FLOOR—JAMES ST.

THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

Alice Grant has a fine memory, and learns about all the different lands, but she remembers more about History Land than all the rest of us.

Thelma Southall always excels in the Land of Literature. She seems to grasp the author's meaning so easily.

Margaret Stewart is getting quite an expert at Arithmetic.

Have you seen Eva Noon write? Through all the lands her writing is unexcelled.

Though we are all fairly good typists, and are developing speed, Margaret Woodford still leads us.

As we journey we occasionally write Compositions, and as this is a subject that requires a good imagination, Doris Edwards thrives best in that land.

It is hard to choose the best Speller in our class. We are all going to try hard to lead, and some time we might come to a final decision.

TIT FOR TAT

On March the twenty-second, 1927, the Weston car line was held up for some time. Miss Mabel Savage of the Vocational School could not get her lunch through the door of the street car.

1C COMMERCIAL

"Forward"

Ye students of old Weston
Guard well our honour bright,
Look back into our history
When Wallace led the fight,
Remember well the glory
That Elliot brought our way.
Look our future forward to
While Pearson leads the way.

Remember that past glories
Cannot our lessons learn,
But they should be a weapon
To make ambition burn.
Let us be up and doing,
In sports and studies, too,
And our school will reap the honours
If we work and dare, and do.

* * * *

Doris Powell—Mr. Orr, can a person be punished for something they didn't do?

Mr. Orr—Why, certainly not.

Doris—Well, I haven't my Arithmetic done.

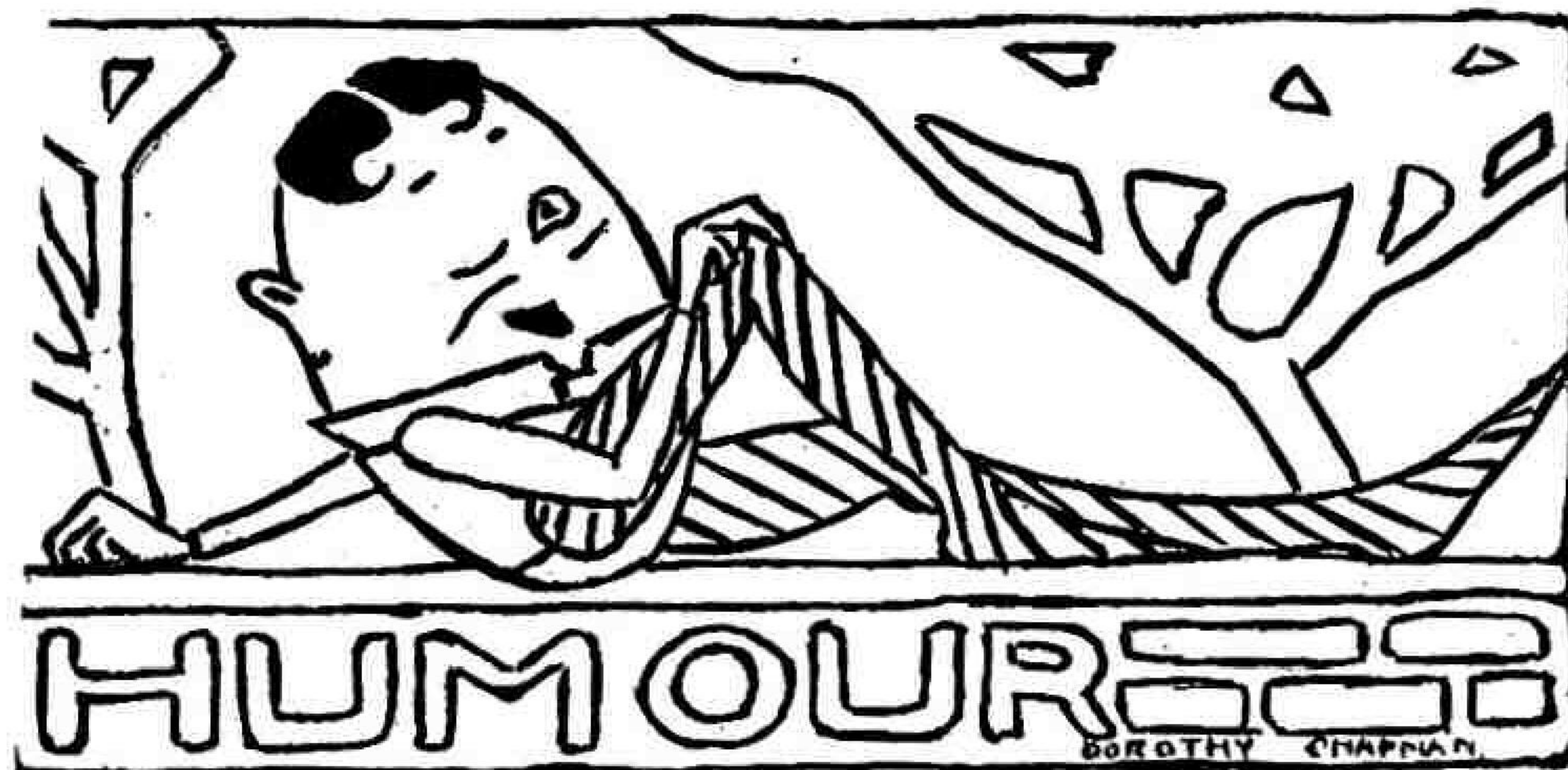
* * * *

Say, Janet, have you ever been up before our principal?

Janet—I don't know; what time does he get up?

* * * *

Mr. Pearson—I'm dismissing you ten minutes early. Please go quietly so as not to awaken the Special Class.



ON THE BENEFITS OF MILK

By K. JOHNSTONE

The High School out at Weston is for the pupils' good,
The master likes to see them enjoy the proper food:
To see them grow so healthy and never once be ill,
Attend examinations, be always out for drill.
To have such ideal scholars, the master did proceed
To buy good milk in bottles, and this to them did feed.
The pupils, to obey him, consumed this liquid all,
And grew they then much bigger, why some were ten feet tall!
But as these giants sprouted, their brains grew less and less;
With minds like little infants, they needed aid to dress.
They came to school in rompers, and played with dolls and toys,
And shunned the games so vulgar of other High School boys.
They loved to sit in corners and talk of Jack and Jill,
And all shed tears of pity when they fell down the hill.
And some told fairy stories, while others told of bears
And tigers in the forest that slay you unawares,
Bad ghosts that hide in cupboards, and chase you in the dark,
Who prowl about at night time, but never leave a mark.
But when these mental infants attacked their final test,
Their standing in the province was far above the rest.
They cared not for the office, for banks and such cared less,
Each night the master plotted to help this hopeless mess,
At last a plan most simple came to his worried mind,
He sent the grads as teachers, a new and novel kind.
His pupils were successful, were loved by children all,
They played with other babies, although they were so tall.
As kindergarten teachers, the greatest in the land,
The Weston High School pupils were all in much demand,
And now the Weston scholar, matriculating he,
Assumes his new vocation, and earns his teacher's fee.
And he that this profession his inclination fails,
Gains much fame (and money) in writing fairy tales.

THE CHEMISTRY OF ENGLISH

Experiment First (and Last).

Purpose:—To write an apology for a poem entitled "China".

Apparatus:—One would-be poet, four or five reams of foolscap, one box fountain pen nibs, four volumes of the "Encyclopedia Britannica", a set of the "Books of Knowledge", a few bottles of blue-black ink, some wide open spaces, one dictionary, and a suitable title.

Method:—Place the aspiring poet in the wide open spaces, first furnishing him with a sufficient quantity of paper, ink and pens. Place the information books within his reach and then commence the operation by giving him the chosen title.

Observation:—The poet should react immediately to the situation, and after thinking of his subject for anywhere from three and a half minutes to twenty-four hours, should resolutely seize his pen, and amid great confusion and ink splashes dash off his result. The action may be quickened by softly reading aloud a few verses from one of the following noted authors' poems: Tennyson's, Wordsworth's, Shakespeare's, Browning's, or those of any other suitable one.

Conclusion:—Firstly:

CHINA

I am a little Chinaman,
Livee near Hong Kong,
I workee in the rice fields
For what you call a song.

My father is a coolie:
He runnee up and down,
Pushee people in a cart
All about the town.

When I am great big man
Me goinee run away;
No likee workee in the fields
And never gettee pay.

Bimeby I go Amelica,
Which velly far away,
And workee in a laundry,
Gettee plenty pay.

Or maybee cook chop-suey
In velly beeg cafe;
Or bimeby be a waiter
And earnee bigger pay.

And when I get much monee
No longer haftee wash,
I come back queek to China
And be a king, by gosh!

And so you see him, China
Is no a happy land,
For there the golden monee
Is in velly much demand.

And plaps for thing you owee
Your head's cut off some day,
So that's why I'm fast goee,
Far—far—away.

Secondly:—

- (a) One dead poet.
- (b) One man acquitted for justifiable homicide.

THE FIRST MARATHON

By NORMAN KNIGHT

The big game at Marathon was over. The vanquished had left for home, and the victors were picking up the pieces. Captain Miltiades of the victorious Athenians, summoned Phidippides, his flying wing.

"Dippy," said he, "get out of that boilerplate (indicating his armour) and beat it to the nearest phone, call up Themistocles and give him the score."

"Ay! Ay! Sir," replied Phidippides, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

In a few minutes he was at the phone of his blacksmith's shop, post-office and general store of a little cross-roads village called Draco's Corners.

"Central," said he, "this is Marathon 413. Get me Archon Themistocles at Acropolis 742." He waited five minutes and then commenced jiggling the hook. "Number, please," asked the operator sweetly. "Naw," growled Dippy. "I'm waiting for Acropolis 742, and he indulged in some language unfit to reproduce.

He waited some time longer and then consulted his tourists' map. "Huh," said he, "Athens is only 26 miles away; I'll walk there. He ran out and shot up the street so fast that the inhabitants thought it was the comet that Professor Aristides had predicted would hit the earth that day. He kept going at such a tremendous rate that he passed no less than 17 Fords, 5 Chevs. and a decrepit McLaughlin. He set a record that is still standing, unless it has got tired and lain down.

About two hours after starting he reached Athens and strode into the house where Themistocles and his friends were clustered round the loud-speaker of the Solon Super-Six, waiting for the score of the game to be broadcast.

"Oh, it's all right," he replied to their anxious inquiries. "They tried to hold us with long-distance kicking, but we rushed 'em for a touchdown.

Just then the telephone rang. Themistocles answered it. "Anything the matter," said Dippy, as he hung up. "The Persians said

they'd protest because we were so rough. We chased 'em off the field to their ships."

No, it was Central; she said there was some bird at Marathon 413 wanted you, but he's gone now."

Phidippides collapsed and died before medical aid could be secured.

SPRIG IS CUBBIG

By M. WIXSON

Sprig is cubbig,
Atchoo! Atchoo!
By dose is ruddig,
By eyes are too.

Sprig is cubbig.
The sides are plaid.
The girls are skippig
Out id the raid.

Sprig is cubbig.
Each ditch aflood,
With toy-ships sailig
Right through the bud.

Sprig is cubbig.
Boys rollig dibs.
A pain is playig
About by ribs.

Sprig is cubbig.
It's albost here,
Excuse by coughig,
Oh dear! Oh dear!

JOKES

The service in a negro church was drawing to a close.

"Bruddah Johnsing," said the pastor, "will now lead us in prayah."

Unfortunately Brother Johnson was way down at the back fast asleep.

"Bruddah Johnsing," said the pastor rather loudly, "will you lead us in prayah?"

No response.

Brother Johnson was just coming back to earth when he heard the pastor say for the third time: "Bruddah Johnsing will you lead?"

"Lead yo self," he shouted. "Ah jus dealt."

George Scythes—"Have you heard about the latest play?"

Donnie MacCallum—"No."

George—"It's called 'The Miracle'. A bunch of Scotchmen came out on the stage and threw money to the audience."

* * * *

Dumb—"Have you heard the latest Scotch joke?"

Bill—"I'll bite."

Dumb—"A Scotchman and a Jew were playing golf. They were all square at the tenth hole, when the Scotchman had a paralytic stroke, and the Jew made him count it."

* * * *

Ignoramus—"What's a balloon?"

Wise Guy (loftily)—"Why, a balloon is a huge bag full of gas and hot air."

Ignoramus—"What makes it go up?"

W. G.—"Why, you sap, anything full of gas or hot air must rise."

Ignoramus—"Then what's holding you down?"

* * * *

COMPLETE DEBT.

Teacher—"We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking system from the Italians. Can anybody name any other examples?"

Willie—"Our lawn mower from the Smiths, our snow shovel from the Joneses and our baby carriage from the Bumps."

* * * *

First Student—"I wonder how old Miss Blank is?"

Second Student—"Pretty old, I think. I heard she used to teach Caesar."

* * * *

Mr. Law—"When was the crisis of the Second Punic War reached, Coyne?"

Frank Gowland (in a loud whisper)—"When Hasdrubal's army reached Italy."

Mr. Law—"Who prompted him? I distinctly heard a whisper."

W. Coyne—"I think it was history repeating itself."

* * * *

Mr. Law—"What genitive is this?"

Ernie Barrett (waking up)—"Ablative, absolute, sir."

* * * *

Johnny Cooper—"I was over to see her last night when somebody threw a brick through the window and hit the poor girl in the ribs."

Bert Wilson—"Did it hurt her?"

Johnny—"No, but it broke three of my fingers."

* * * *

Innocent Child (at first Rugby game)—"Mummy, whose that poor man running around down there that they're all yelling at?"

Mother—"Hush, my child, that is the cheer leader."

* * * *

Teacher—"Give me a sentence using the word 'bison'."

Cockney—"Every morning we wash our 'ands him the bi'son."

Hee. Gagnon—"I heard you had brain fever?"

K. Johnstone—"O, you flatterer."

* * * *

Mr. Mackenzie (after doing a Theorem)—"Now watch the board while I run through it again."

* * * *

Miss Graeb (to third form)—"Anderson can clean off the front board, Sparling the side, and Flood the back."

* * * *

Bill McCall—"Whose the meanest man in the world?"

Art McNeil—"The bird that took the blind man's last cent, I suppose."

Bill McCall—"Wrong, it's the guy that put a tack in the electric chair."

* * * *

A friend that sticketh closer than a brother—a corn plaster.

* * * *

Nellie Johnson—"I dreamt I was dancing with you last night."

Lloyd McManus—"O Nellie, how you thrill me."

Nellie—"And then I woke up and found my kid brother pounding my feet with a flat iron."

* * * *

There will be very little change in men's clothes this year.—Fashion note. Not when the wives get through with them.

* * * *

Bush Meyers—"I see they're breaking the ice this winter with thermit."

Johnny Cooper—"Many a man has done it by moving up a little closer on the Chesterfield."

* * * *

H. Wright—"It says here that the dogs in the Adirondacks have mumps."

R. Neal—"So have mine, but I call them chilblains."

* * * *

Miss Carrie—"What's Australia bounded by?"

First Former—"Kangaroos."

* * * *

"A little bit goes a long way," said the keeper as he fed a handful of hay to the giraffe."

* * * *

A little girl saw for the first time a cat carrying its kitten by the neck. "You ain't fit to be a mother," she cried. "You ain't hardly fit to be a father."

* * * *

Inspector (not ours)—"What did Samson use to slay the Philistines?"

Deep silence.

Inspector (pointing to his jaw)—"What's that?"

Bright Boy—"The jawbone of an ass."

Mr. Traves—"Name the four seasons?"

First Former—"Salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard."

* * * *

Big Boy—"Fight yer; why I could eat yer."

Little Guy—"Yes, I guess you could, and then you'd have more brains in your stomach than in your head."

* * * *

Mother—"O look at the beautiful birdie, Hector."

Hector—"Yes, that's because no one ever tries to wash its neck."

* * * *

Sparling—"When I was young the doctor said that if I didn't stop smoking I'd become feeble-minded."

Marjorie—"Well, why didn't you?"

* * * *

Grateful Student, to Mr. MacKenzie—"I am indebted to you for all I know."

Mr. MacKenzie—"Don't mention such trifles."

* * * *

Mr. Jeffrey—"I believe that you might speak a little more intelligently if you had a little more sleep before coming to this class."

Henry—"Yes, sir, but you see I've only had one class before this."

* * * *

K. J. had just done full justice to the eats at a party, and entered the house with a sigh and a doleful expression on his countenance.

"What's the matter, Ken?" asked his brother; "you look mournful?"

K. J.—"Yes, that's just it; I'm more'n full."

* * * *

Helen—"I passed by your place yesterday."

Betty—"Thanks, awfully."

* * * *

THE CRACKED CYNIC'S SONG.

Oh, sweetheart of the golden hair,
With features so divine,
Why do you give to me the air
When I would have you mine?
And when I look into your eyes,
The colour of the bluest skies,
I see love not, and then surmise
That soon a poem will now arise.

GIRLS.

Some are long and some are short,
Some thin and others fat,
Some can make a sharp retort,
While some just sit and chat.
Some chaps will say that girls can't see,
While others say they're fickle.
But all the girls ere do to me
Is get me in a pickle.

Fifth Former on English paper—Macbeth wanted to kill Banquo because he feared that some of Banquo's ancestors would become kings of Scotland.

* * * *

First Student—"Ouch, my leg's asleep."

Second Student—"Wait till I get an alarm clock."

* * * *

A LESSON IN PUNCTUATION.

Old—"Don't you dare kiss me again."

New—"Don't you dare! Kiss me again."

* * * *

Mr. Law—"Translate this: 'Quam minum spatii act se collegendos armandosque Romanos daretui.'"

Here's what one Fifth Former handed in: "The college boys were giving out as small spats as possible for the Roman's arms."

* * * *

"Thank goodness I'm through with that," said George Serace as he put the ball down behind the line after a plunge.

* * * *

Mr. Jeffrey (in trig class)—"See that line running up and down?"

Johnstone—"Where, where? Catch it somebody."

* * * *

One night, in the midst of the 5 o'clock rush at King and Yonge, the traffic cop saw a dear old lady on the corner signalling to him. Thinking she wanted to cross he stopped all traffic and walked over to her. "Oh, officer," she said, "that's so nice of you. I wanted to tell you you have the number of my favourite hymn on your collar."

* * * *

"I won't associate with you," said the blotter to the ink. You're just out of the pen."

* * * *

Mr. Law—"Why aren't you doing your Latin, Helen?"

Helen Musson—"I have no pen."

Mr. Law—"Where's your grammar?"

Helen—"She's dead."

* * * *

Dot Chapman—"What has eight legs and sings?"

Marg Bailey—"I'll bite."

Dot—"A quartette."

* * * *

Teacher—"What do divers get when they go down into the sea?"

Bob Nicholson—"They get wet."

* * * *

During a thunderstorm last summer a thunder bolt struck "Doc" Inch's house and knocked him out of bed. He rose, rubbed his eyes, yawned, stretched, and said: "All right, Ma, I'll get up."

Mr. Mackenzie—"How did you make out in the advertising to-day?"

Don Campbell—"Fine, I got two orders in one place."

Mr. Mackenzie—"Good; what were they?"

Don Campbell—"Get out and stay out."

* * * *

BRIGHT BOY.

Mr. Jeffrey—"If a person were born in 1897, how old would he be now?"

Norm. Anderson—"Man or woman?"

* * * *

Doctor—"You're having trouble with Angina Pectoris?"

Sparling—"Yes, but that isn't her right name."

* * * *

This is all, unless you want to turn the book upside down and try reading them that way.

